THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THROUGH THE STRIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ***.

The young moon, weary of sentinel duty,
Dropped over the mountain crest;
And Arcturus, leading his shining host,
Marched silently down to the west.

The night-air dripped with the scent of the roses,
Spilled by invisible hands;
And the fragrant breath of the new-mown hay
Swept up from the meadow lands.

The fire-flies flashed through the cool, sweet darkness,
And burned in the grassy walk;
And the birds of the night wailed interludes
In the pauses of your talk.

I was dumb while Time clipped the precious moments
Of your brief but troubled stay;
When the bosom is charged with clouds and rain,
'Tis little the lips can say.

"If I never come back to you, Leonora,"
(Your words struck death to my heart,)
"It will comfort you, dear, to think that I died
Fulfilling a true man's part.

"Better a dead than a living lover,
Deaf to his Country's cry;
Better be slain for the Truth than to be
For the Truth afraid to die.

"By stroke upon stroke, hardy and heavy,
The victory must be won.
Is it little to think my arm may move
God's work a hand-breadth on?

"Brave heart, Leonora! Give me your blessing."
"God go with you, Richard!" I said;
And I dropped on your forehead a kiss that was like
The kisses we give to the dead.

* * * * * * * * *

The moon once more on sentinel duty,
Stands over the mountain crest;
And Arcturus, leading his shining hosts,
Goes silently down to the West.

The night-air drips with the scent of the roses,
Spilled by invisible hands,
And the fragrant breath of the new-mown hay
Steals up from the meadow lands.

Two years, with swift and turbulent changes,
Into the Past have run;
Richard has fallen!—still the battles rage—
The victory is not won.

For the jubilant shout of conquering Freemen
I hearken in vain, in vain;
Richard has fallen—still the wrong prevails—
The Powers of Evil reign.

My Lord, my God! When is the morning?
When shall the good cause win?
When shall the heralds of Love and Peace
Usher Thy Sabbath in?

My Lord, my God—He loves not the mingling
Of sacrifice with sin;
When His people shall serve Him with purer hearts,
Then shall the Good Cause win.

THE PETROLEUM OIL-FIELDS AT FRANKLIN, PENNSYLVANIA.

[See Article on Eighth Page.]

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

We had lived more than a month under the same roof before I met her; but without having seen her face, without having heard her voice, it seemed to me, in some way, that I knew Amelia Weston intimately. Night after night, when I came home tired to my lodgings, and used to sit idly gazing in the fire, and thinking over my day's work, the same patient hand at the same hour would begin its practice, and continue it—I know not till what hour of the night!—till long after midnight certainly! for once or twice, when I returned from the theatre between twelve and one o'clock, a light still burned in Miss Weston's room, Miss Weston's piano was still "going," as the servant of the house used to term it, when, in a deprecating way, she apologized to me for the nocturnal habits of my fellow-lodger.

I don't think I ever heard a more sympathetic touch than hers. Under ordinary circumstances, a professional person practising of an evening for four or five hours at a stretch in the room immediately beneath you, is not a thing to be desired; but in whatever mood I was, however tired, however depressed, this girl's playing soothed me: yes, whether she played a commonplace set of quadrilles or waltzes, or worked at, over and over and over again, a passage in some exquisitely graceful little reverie or nocturne of her own composition. I think it must have been the delicate finish, the sense of unwearying patience in all she did, that gave so infinite a pathos to her performance, for she was not at all a fine, not even, I dare say, a good second-rate musician. At all events, and however it might have effected higher judges, her playing touched *me* singularly; and sitting, as I have said, alone of an evening, gazing wearisomely at the fire, and listening to her, I used often to think: "Patient artist, whomsoever you may be, I know you, and feel with you. Work, hope deferred, courage, scant acknowledgment of your claims. . . . You and I speak the same language. Our ways in the world lie wide apart, and yet are our feet treading the same long and uphill road. Patient artist, you and are akin."

I felt this, and liked to indulge the feeling; and, fancifully, to make out Miss Weston's history, and even the color of her eyes and hair; but I purposely abstained from seeking to meet her, or even to ask any question regarding her from the servant of the house. I was old enough to know the value of any pretty little fancy that my brain might amuse itself with, and wise enough not to court disillusionment, even in the most unimportant things of life. No doubt, if I came to know this neighbor who charmed me so in the spirit, I should find her, in the flesh, a common sort of young woman enough, with large hands and defective aspirates, who would give me a card setting forth her abilities as professor of music, and request me to recommend her among my friends. The secret of retaining a sentiment of interest in our fellow-creatures is to imagine much, and know little concerning them. Let my patient fellow-lodger remain unknown to me, even by sight, that so I might be able to listen to her playing with pleasure, even if we remained under the same roof for years. A friendly hand, a congenial familiar mind, would speak to me every night, just as long as the artist herself remained invisible—no longer, probably.

But I was wrong. I saw poor Amelia, and my vague intangible interest became one of the strongest I have ever felt at first sight, and for an utter stranger. It happened thus: Two or three friends were dining with me one December night—a bitter snowy night it was, I remember—and knowing we should be late, I sent the people of the house to bed, promising to see myself to the fastening of the street-door when my friends left me. I did so, considerably after midnight; and then having a heap of papers to wade through, and feeling no inclination for sleep, made up a blazing fire, and sat myself down to work. About an hour and a half later—at half-past two A. M., that is to say—I was startled by hearing a ring at the front-door bell. "Well I sat up," I thought. "Here is one of the second-floor lodgers dependent upon his latch-key, and carefully bolted and barred out by my hand." And wishing to save the delinquent alike from the bitter cold of the night-air and from the landlady's wrath, should he ring again and rouse her, I lit my bedroom candle, ran quickly down stairs, and opened the door.

The ghost of a girl's face met my sight.

"The latch was down, and I was obliged to ring," said a hoarse, tired voice. "I hope I haven't kept any one up"—and then the girl started back on seeing a stranger, and the blood rushed up violently into her death-white cheeks. "I—I beg your pardon, sir," she stammered. "I have been attending a party in Cavendish Square, and as it was so close, I ran home on foot. Susan forgot I was out, I suppose, and put the latch down." And then she begged my pardon again, with a kind of mingled pride and humility that touched me more than I can say.

This, then, was my patient unknown artist. The roll of music that she held in her trembling ungloved hands, her plain black dress, her desperately tired face, would have told me her story in a moment, even if she had not made use of the words "attending a party." This was my patient artist; and she had been doing about the dreariest work—picking oakum perhaps excepted—that woman's hands are ever called upon to do: "playing" for a dance. Anything so haggard as her face, I do not remember ever to have seen. Her features looked drawn and old (she was about two-and-twenty;) great *bistre* circles made her dark eyes look unnaturally large and melancholy; her poor little fragile hands had the inexpressible nerveless look of utter bodily prostration. When I had shut the door and lighted a candle that was placed ready for her at the bottom of the stairs, I remarked that I hoped that her fire was still alight. On such a night as this, a cup of hot tea or coffee was the best thing to take on coming in out of the cold; and I was just going to offer to make her one at my own fire, when she interrupted me, with a tone of infinite gentleness, and yet that instantly told me she did not require my help.

"Susan is very thoughtful, and always puts everything ready, if I like to make a fire; but to-night I am really not cold, only tired" (tired! God knows she was that,) 'and wanting sleep. Good-night, sir, and thank you very much for coming to let me in."

And then she took her candle from my hand, and with a pretty little gesture, very friendly, but not without a certain pathetic dignity, poor child! bade me good-night, and passed on into her room.

By eight next morning, she was giving a lesson to a pupil, the only house-pupil she had, who came to her three times a week at that hour, because Miss Philips, our Landlady, did not like anything "professional" going on under her roof.

"I would have mentioned to you, sir, that we had a professional lady in the house," said Miss Lucinda Philips, lingering after depositing my weekly bill upon the breakfast-table, and evidently wishing to explain away the occurrence of the night. "I should have mentioned our having a professional person in the house, when you took the apartments, only that we know Miss Weston's habits are so quiet that she isn't likely to disturb any one. As to her troubling you last night, it was the merest accident, I can assure you, sir. She was playing for a young-people's party at Mrs. Bethel's in Cavendish Square; and as the night was dry, and the distance so short, thought she might as well save her cab-fare by walking home. I told her how imprudent it was, this morning, and she regrets as much as my sister and I do that you should have had the annoyance of opening the door for her."

The Misses Phillips were sisters of middle age and staunch propriety, and their establishment was a private house—that is to say, a card printed "Apartments" was always kept in the stationer's window round the corner, not their own, when their rooms were vacant. How did the Misses Philips, residing in their own private house in Harley Street—a portion of which they happened to find too large for their own use, they said—come to take a "professional" person under their exclusive roof? I hazarded the surmise, delicately, to Miss Lucinda, and after some hesitation, and, it is unnecessary to add, not a little superfluous verbiage, got at the romance, such as it was, of my fellow-lodger's life.

In the first place, she was a married woman; only her husband being a gentleman of family, according to Miss Lucinda, and so, of course, averse to anything professional, it was considered best for the present that she should retain her maiden name. In the next, she had a child, whom she maintained with some poor relations of her own in the country. And lastly, it was evident—though, true to the instincts of her sex, Miss Lucinda at heart was quite upon "the captain's" side—that most of the results of those patient hours' work, those early lessons, those midnight vigils, went to support an idle, dissipated husband, who neglected, and affected to be ashamed, of the faithful hands that worked for him.

"It's been an unfortunate story altogether, sir," said Miss Lucinda; "and though I don't deny that the captain's gay, and goes about to races and such things, and spends every farthing he can get out of her on himself and his own pleasures; still, every one must allow it *is* a hard thing for a gentleman of family to be brought to see his wife work. He says himself he'd never have had to leave the army if he had not married, and perhaps he wouldn't; but as it took all her little fortune of two thousand pounds to pay his debts, and as he was obliged still to sell his commission to save himself from going to jail, I can't myself say that I think it was altogether his wife who ruined him. However that may be, ruined he was. His friends—and he's got the very highest connections—refused to help him any more; and Amelia, with a baby six weeks old, and very weak in her own health, was thrown, you may say, upon the world; for the captain, poor gentleman, he was so cut up about it all, that he went off abroad with what little money they had—to Baden, I think it was—for the summer. It was then Mrs. Fitzgerald took to music as a profession. Her own friends were too poor to help her much as to money, but from one to another they recommended her on as a teacher; and when the captain came home at the end of a twelvemonth, he found her maintaining herself and the baby too.

"Well, sir," proceeded Miss Lucinda, pathetically, "of course, it was a great come-down—a very great come-down for a gentleman like him to find his wife going from house to house as a music-mistress; but, bit by bit, she brought him round to consent, provided—poor fellow!—that she would take her maiden name again, so as to run no risk of disgracing him or his connections; and this she has done from that time, about two years ago, till now. The way she came to live with us was this: as she got on in her teaching, it was found a disadvantage for her to live in a poor part of the town, and through a recommendation of a relation of the captain's—for he quite keeps up with a number of the best society still—my sister and I were induced to let her have our smallest down-stair set. The lady who recommended her hadn't an idea that the young person she was befriending was the captain's own wife, nor had we either, of course. But the first night she came, poor thing, she called my sister and me into the room, and told us the whole story. She had been advised not to do so, she said, but she would not live in our house a day and deceive us; Captain Fitzgerald was her husband. He was above her in birth; and now that she was obliged to earn her bread, they thought it wiser for a time that she should take her maiden name again, especially as the captain's London friends believed her to be dead.

"'But I am not dead,' she said, trying to smile, and then ending by bursting into tears. 'I'm his wife; and some day, when I am richer, we shall all live together again, and have our own house.' And then she told us about her child, sir, and how it would be brought to see her, if we would allow it sometimes, and gave us references if we wanted to ascertain the truth of her story, which we've never done, or wished to do," added Miss Lucinda warmly. "The next time the captain called my sister told him that we were aware how matters stood, and the captain behaved most beautiful, sir!" Miss Lucinda almost wept. "And he took my sister's hand, for he's no more pride than if he was nothing—and his first cousin an Honorable, and his aunt married to a peer of the realm—and said he should always look upon us both as sisters, and that he recommended his dear Amelia to our sacred care. Till then we *had* had our doubts as to keeping the young person, for charity is one thing, and respectability's another; but the moment the captain spoke so honorable, we felt what our duty was, and we've kept to it. His wife might owe us a twelvemonth's rent, and neither I nor my sister would so much as name it to her. Poor gentleman! we know ourselves what it is to be reduced in rank."

I inquired what the captain was like, as I should wish to recognize him if we ever met, and was answered by an ecstatic catalogue of male charms from Miss Lucinda. Captain Fitzgerald was, she averred, the gentleman all over: had long fair whiskers, an eye-glass, stood six feet one at least, without his boots, and had quite the military air. "And how he dresses so, poor gentleman, I don't know!" added Miss Lucinda mysteriously, "for he says he's always unfortunate at bets and cards too, and that none of his friends ever help him with a shilling. However, one thing's certain, Mrs. Fitzgerald is making much more money since she has taken to play at balls. Ten shillings a night, as she says, is princely pay compared to lessons."

I was at a little Christmas evening party a few nights later, at the house of one of my oldest friends, and in the hired musician of the evening, I recognized my fellow lodger. In her Cinderella black dress, and with her pale, worn-looking face, the brave little woman seemed fairer to me than any of the flushed, wreathed, and white-muslined angels of the party. Her *physique* had the same character as her playing. Beauty of feature she had not; but there was look of quiet strength about the clear-cut lips, an expression of power in the deep-set, iron-gray eyes, which riveted you strangely and instantly to her face. And her hair in itself was a beauty! Such a mass of naturally waved gold brown hair as it was, drawn with careless grace from her broad forehead, and twisted in a rich thick coil about the little classical head. There were many lovely Parisian wreaths, no doubt, and a great deal of lovely Parisian hair worn by the twenty or thirty young ladies in my friend's drawing-room, but none of the female *coiffures* there seemed to me at all to compare with poor Amelia's simple bands of waving gold.

Did her husband think so too? I wonder. For, reader, her husband was there—*there*, dancing to his wife's music, and looking as unconcerned a fine gentleman as you ever saw in your life. I was standing close beside the piano when Captain Fitzgerald's name was announced, and for an instant I noticed that the time varied

ominously in the waltz Amelia was working under. Then she rallied—I imagine it was not the first meeting of the kind between this husband and wife—and played on, steadily and without flagging, through the remainder of the immutable twenty-one dances.

Only once I saw her eyes fixed upon her husband's face. It was in a gallop; and Captain Fitzgerald was dancing with a tall and stately young woman, all floating in innocence and white tulle, and crowned with roses—Miss Barbara Ashton, the belle of the room. Just as they were whirling past the piano, it occurred, I conclude, to Miss Ashton that the music was not fast enough for her taste, for she looked up softly into her partner's face, and then requested him to "bid the young person amend her time." And her partner obeyed her. He stopped, leaned forward (with that urbane air of which Miss Lucinda had spoken) and said: "A little faster, if you please," his arm still encircling the lovely Barbara's waist. And then Amelia looked at him. Heaven grant no woman may ever look at me with eyes like those! And still, poor child, it was a look of love.

I went up, later in the evening, to the lady of the house, and carelessly mentioned the captain's name. Who was Captain Fitzgerald, and had they known him long? I did not remember seeing him at any of their parties before.

"Well, in a certain way, we have known him a long time," she answered. "He was in the same regiment, you know, as my brother Frederick, and that brought him a good deal about our house when we were living at Brighton and the —th was stationed there. What he has been doing for the last two or three years, nobody knows. He got into terrible difficulties some time ago, had to leave the army, and went wrong altogether—made a low marriage, in short—but as one sees him out again, known, and alone, most likely his wife is dead or has left him. Captain Fitzgerald is not at all a person I admire, or would encourage about my daughters," she added; "but he dances so beautifully that Alice would have him invited, and as we met him at the Dacre's last week, it shows there can be nothing very, very wrong about him now; for you know old Lady Dacres is so particular in these matters."

I left London late on the afternoon of the next day, and as I was getting into my cab at Miss Philip's door, had a kind little farewell nod from Amelia. Her usually pale face was all lit up, and flushed with smiles; a sturdy, yellow-haired boy had got his arms tight round her neck; and the silhouette of the captain's profile—long whiskers, eye-glass, and all—was dimly discernible behind the window curtain. It was New Year's Day; so I concluded that this excellent man was rendering his wife supremely blessed by condescending to eat his turkey and plum-pudding in that humble room.

Would Amelia have loved him better, had the captain been an honest man? a plain, hard-working, simple-hearted fellow, denying himself to keep her and her child in comfort, slaving day after day, night after night—as I have known some do—and considering himself amply rewarded if, by any extra work of his, he could satisfy her caprice for a new silk dress, or a trip to the sea, or a velvet suit for a child?

I am not able to answer that question satisfactorily; I only know how well it is for men that there are so many Amelias in the world.

Selling Children in China.

The *Esperance*, of Nancy, publishes the following particulars respecting the proceedings of the Society of the Sainte Enfance, in China, extracted from a letter written by a lady, a native of Nancy, at present residing at Hong Kong:—

"All that you have heard about Chinese children, is but too true. They are not, indeed, given to pigs here, but that is the case further in the interior. At Hong Kong, mothers come to the asylum of the Sainte Enfance and offer their children for sale, as I myself saw only a day or two ago. I have just visited this asylum, kept by the nuns of St. Paul, whose principal establishment is at Chartres. While I was there the bell rang, a nun went to open it, and returned in an instant after with a female infant only a few days old. The price paid was two hundred sapeks; but the mother, a hideous creature, wanted more, or else to have the child's clothes returned, which were accordingly given to her. The nuns told me that there were women who carried on quite a trade in these poor babes. One had brought no less than forty to the asylum, and she confessed that before she had the opportunity of selling them, she had thrown over six hundred into the sea. I must tell you that I stood god-mother to the poor thing purchased in my presence. The great cause of these horrors is that the Chinese can repudiate their wives and marry again every year. The divorced wives, according to the Chinese laws, have the right of life and death over their children, and if unable or unwilling to rear them, they get rid of them in any way they choose."

THE DANGEROUS PET.—An English gentleman had a tame young lion, which seemed to have become a lamb in gentleness, and was a favorite pet in moments of leisure.

One day, falling asleep, his hand hung over the side of his couch. The lion came to his side, and commenced licking the hand. Soon the file-like surface of the animal's tongue wore off the cuticle, and brought blood to the surface. The sleeper was disturbed, and moved his hand, when a savage growl startled him from his dreaming half-consciousness, to realize the terrible fact that the pet was a lion after all. With great self-possession, with the other hand he carefully drew from the pillow a revolver, and shot his pet through the head. It was no trivial sacrifice to his feelings, but a moment's delay might have cost him his life.

A striking illustration of the folly and madness of men in their moral experience. A vice which men call harmless, in the face of conscience, reason, and history, is caressed until it gains the mastery. The pet sin at length eats its way so deeply into the soul that its wages of pain begin to be felt. The victim starts up, resolved to escape; but how seldom has he the will-power left—the moral courage to slay the disguised destroyer of his immortality.

☞ Water, even salt water, imbibed through the skin, appeases the thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In a narrative by Capt. Kennedy of the loss of his vessel, the captain says:—"I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantages I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. To this discovery I may, with justice, attribute the preservation of my life, and the lives of six other persons.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

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TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance.

☞ *In consequence of the enormous advance in the prices of paper, ink, &c., we are compelled to discontinue our Club terms for the present.*

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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THE WEEKLY DATE.—Our readers will observe that the date of each issue of THE POST will be found at the top of every page of the paper. This saves trouble when turning over a number of papers to find a particular date.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE. By JANE LADY SCOTT, author of "The Hen-Pecked Husband." Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE LONE LUCIFER; OR, WHITE, BLACK AND GRAY SPIRITS. By S. LEAVITT. This is a singular pamphlet, rather obscure in its revealings, relative to spiritualism and demoniacal possession. Published by The American New Company, New York.

BRISBANE'S GOLDEN READY RECKONER. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

IMOGENE; OR, THE MARBLE HEART. By PIERCE EGAN, author of "The Poor Girl," &c. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

THE FINGER POST TO PUBLIC BUSINESS. This volume contains the mode of forming and conducting societies, clubs, &c., with full rules of order, &c. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

THE STORY OF A TROOPER. By F. COLBURN ADAMS, author of "Chronicles of the Bastile," &c. In Four Books—Book First. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

A New Life.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BROOKVILLE, Aug. 18th, 1864.

Dear Editor:—I have been in my new home nearly a week, and, so far, I have enjoyed the novelty of my situation, highly.

I slept till late the morning after my arrival, and was carried in dreamland to the Rocky Mountains, where I was reclining, with half-closed eyes, viewing the clouds, almost within my reach, when I was suddenly alarmed by my only companion, a large black cat, being gifted with the power of speech. I wakened—rubbed my eyes, but I continued to hear the fine squeaking voice of my feline friend—and more wonderful still, was repeating "Spenser's Bridal verses"—

"Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb,
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head."

My bewilderment increased, and I was debating the question with myself whether I had been transported [illegible] myself whether I had whether my mind to the country of Fairies, or left me a fitting subject for a Lunatic Asylum. Sophronisia upon my door, and the entrance of habitual assured me that I was still an inmate of Brookville.

She opens her lips, and forth issues the continuation of the verses,

"My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear."

I closed the debate immediately, feeling no further necessity for doubt or argument.

My friend kindly and voluntarily assisted in my toilet, duly admired my wardrobe as I unpacked it, and then we descended to the breakfast-room where a most pleasing odor greeted my nostrils.

A stand was drawn before the open door, spread with a snowy cloth, and on it were dainty slices of tempting-looking bread, a small glass saucer holding a little print of yellow butter, a dish of clear honey, and my friend now brought in coffee and a covered dish, which proved to be stewed pigeons. I partook heartily of the viands before me to the horror of Sophronisia, who languidly pulled to pieces a wing, but as I glanced through the partly open door, a few minutes afterwards, I found she had regained her appetite.

We went out during the morning to call on some of my friend's acquaintances. We first visited a family which consisted of father and mother, two sons and two daughters. I was much pleased with them, and promised myself a great deal of enjoyment in their society.

We next called on the Squire's family, and I was introduced as Sophronisia's dear friend from a distance, Gerty Masay. We spent a few moments with them, and after calling on several others, returned to our home. In a few days I had made the acquaintance of most of the young people of Brookville. It has been arranged by them to have a picnic in honor of Sophronisia's guest; and I accordingly received an invitation to one which is to take place in a few days.

I must now say good-bye, Mr. Editor, as my hostess has requested me to help her to adjust a suitable and becoming dress for the occasion. I anticipate much pleasure in the proposed picnic, and in my next will tell you all about it.

Yours very respectfully, G. M.

Fourth of July in Libby Prison.

PULLING DOWN THE FLAG.

At the last great meeting of the Christian Commission in St. Louis the following instance of noble heroism and of patriotism bordering on the sublime, was related by Chaplain McCabe, as a part of his experience in Libby Prison, Richmond, and reported in the daily papers. Some of the prisoners had resolved upon a Fourth of July celebration, despite of the obstacles surrounding them. Their preparations were made, their speakers were selected, and everything was ready to proceed, when they discovered they had no flag! The dear old flag must wave again over them. But where to get it was the difficulty. The chaplain tells how they surmounted it. He says:—

Some of the boys suggested that we would borrow one from the rebels, but we concluded to make no such request of the rebels. The flags referred to were all hung upside down. We couldn't get any of these flags; but we must have a flag. Who ever heard of a Fourth of July celebration without a flag? We found a man with a red shirt on; we told him we wanted his shirt, and he must let us have it and ask no questions. We found a man with a blue shirt, and we took that; we had a white shirt—we tore them into strips, and manufactured a flag, such as it was. We had the stripes and stars on a blue field. Some poet has said that "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" and the farther off this was, the better it looked. We turned all the men out of the room when we went to hang it up. We wanted to put it over the chairman's seat, so that it would hang in graceful folds over his head. Some of the boys said "there is Capt. Reed of Grant's army; he is a good climber, and you know that Grant's men go just where they please." He put it there and we called the men in again. Now, it was a curious sight to see them come back after we had driven them out. As each man came in, his eye caught the flag. It was not simply a glance, but a long look of affection—holy memories came thronging up. There wasn't anything for which they more devoutly thanked God than for the sight of the old flag again, and the recollections which it awakened, as they sat there with upturned faces.

The President came and made the opening speech, and cautioned them if anything was said that pleased them, they must not applaud or make any noise, but keep perfectly quiet, because we did not want any interruption. I did not think that was right, for if they noticed that we were still down stairs they would think there was something unusual going on, and would come up; and sure enough, just as he closed his address, there appeared a rebel uniform, and a rebel officer in it, who said, "By order of the colonel commanding, this fuss must be stopped." Said Col. Streight—and he is the greatest man to put a straightforward question that I ever saw—"Do I understand you to say that we can't celebrate the Fourth of July here?" He said, "Yes; you can't do it. They hain't been celebrating the Fourth of July for a long time down here, and in South Carolina, not since 1832." They don't like to read the old Declaration of Independence in the light of the circumstances by which they are surrounded. We found out we were going to have a little trouble. The officer looked up and then saw the flag; and I thought I never saw a rebel officer look at a flag so long. He said, "That flag must come down." Another member of Grant's army arose, his face doubly pale, and with blood-shot eyes, of singular appearance and with [illegible] eyes, of singular said, "Let any man touch that flag with a determination, Now, I want you to comprehend that flag if he dares." cumstances he was the one said this. It was sublime. There they [illegible] rebel officer, with a guard; he knew [illegible] wouldn't think much of killing him. I don't suppose he intended to stop the whole Southern Confederacy from taking down that flag, but he intended that none of us should do it, and if any of us had attempted, he would have struck us to the floor. The officer repeated the command, "Take down that flag," but not a soul of us moved; we were afraid of that man. He repeated the command the third time, and then found it necessary to do it himself, and he began to climb, and we watched him—he did not belong to Grant's army—he reached it at last and took it down, and we saw our flag no more.

The question then arose, "Shall we celebrate?" A debate arose which lasted five hours, and the Fourth of July speeches made that day were enough, if equally divided, to do twenty New England villages.

A few days after that my uncle called, and I had heard some news. Said I, "Doctor, have you heard the news from Vicksburg?" Said he, "We have had no news from there for several days, and that it was all right." I told him that Grant was in Vicksburg; said he, "It can't be." "I tell you he is—and you remember what you told me about your always conquering our armies." He said, "I don't believe it," and went out without bidding me good-bye, to go to the War Department to see if it was true. The news came along in a few days, signed by Johnson himself. And while we were talking, one of the boys asked what day it was. "On the 4th of July," was answered. "What time of day was it?" And sure enough it was just about the same time; and it began to break upon us, that while the rebel officer was pulling down our flag Grant was pulling down the rebel flag at Vicksburg. (Great applause). We found, our friends, that we hadn't such a bad 4th of July after all.—*Sunday-School Times.*

☞ Isn't it a little curious that, in this dry season, there are no grasshoppers about?

Major-General Wm. T. Sherman.

The United States Service Magazine, for August, has a very interesting sketch of Gen. Sherman, written by Col. J. M. Bowman. We gather the facts cited below from this article. Gen. Sherman was born in Lancaster, Ohio, on the 8th of February, 1820. At the age of sixteen he entered West Point as a cadet, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1840, the sixth in his class. Young Sherman at once entered the service, on graduation, as 2nd Lieutenant in the 3rd Artillery, and served in Florida through the winters of 1840 and 1841. In November, 1841, he was promoted to a 1st Lieutenancy. He was afterwards stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. In 1846 he was sent to California, and remained there in service all through the Mexican war, having reached the grade of Captain. In 1850 he was married to the eldest daughter of Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio. In 1853 he resigned his commission in the army and took charge of the banking-house of Lucas, Turner & Company at San Francisco. In 1860 he was the President of the State Military Academy of Louisiana, and remained in that position until the outbreak of the present war.

Believing that Louisiana would be taken out of the Union, he addressed the following letter to Gov. Moore:

JANUARY 18, 1861.
Baton Rouge, La.

Governor Thos. Moore,

Sir—As I occupy a quasi-military position under this state, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a state in the Union, and when the motto of the seminary was inserted in marble over the main door, "By the liberality of the General Government of the United States: The Union. *Esto Perpetua.*"

Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, *I* prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. In that event I beg you will send or appoint some authorized agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war here belonging to the state, or direct me what disposition should be made of them.

And furthermore, as President of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent the moment the state determines to secede; for on no earthly account will I do any act, or think any thought, hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States.

With great respect, &c.,
W. T. SHERMAN.

His resignation being accepted, he removed to St. Louis, and shortly before the attack on Fort Sumter repaired to Washington. He was astonished at the apparent ignorance and incredulity of the Government in regard to the real condition of the Southern states. He declared that the men in authority were sleeping on a volcano, which would surely burst upon them unprepared. Filled with this idea, he addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, stating that, as he was educated at the expense of the United States and owed everything to his country, he had come to tender his military services. He warned Mr. Cameron, in earnest language, that war was imminent, and that we were not prepared. He also called upon the President, and in like manner stated his views and tendered his services.

The President jocularly replied, "We shall not need many men like you; the whole affair will soon blow over." He was then urged by his friends to go to Ohio and take charge of the organization of the three months' regiments. This he declined, as he did not believe in such trifling expedients. He declared it would be as wise to undertake to extinguish the flames of a burning building with a squirt-gun as to put down the rebellion with three months' troops. His plan was to organize for a gigantic war, to call out the whole military power in the country at once, and by the exercise of irresistible force to crush out the rebellion in its incipiency. These views were in advance of the times.

At the battle of Manassas, on the 21st of July, 1861, Sherman commanded the 13th regular infantry. When Gen. Anderson was assigned to the department south of the Ohio, Gen. Sherman was attached thereto as second in command, and was soon afterwards despatched, with a force of 7,000 men, composed of volunteers and Kentucky home guards, to occupy Muldraugh's Hill, a strategic point south of the Rolling Fork of Salt River. There his home guards left him, the reinforcements designed to strengthen his command were necessarily sent elsewhere, and he found himself with scarcely 5,000 troops, in an unfriendly part of the country, confronting a rebel army of 25,000 men under Gen. Buckner. While affairs were in this position, Gen. Anderson was relieved, and Gen. Sherman succeeded to the very unenviable position of commander of the department.

On the 3rd of November he telegraphed to Gen. McClellan, detailing the position and number of his several forces, showing them to be everywhere, except at one single point, outnumbered, and concluded his dispatch with the emphatic remark: "Our forces are too small to do good, and too large to be sacrificed."

In reply, Gen. McClellan asks: "How long could McCook keep Buckner out of Louisville, holding the railroad, with power to destroy it inch by inch?"—giving no hint of a purpose to send reinforcements, but looking to the probable abandonment of Kentucky. Previous to this Gen. Sherman had had an interview with Secretary Cameron, in presence of Adjutant-General Thomas, at Lexington, Kentucky, and fully explained to him the situation of his command, and also of the armies opposed to him, and, on being asked what force was necessary for a successful forward movement in his department, answered, "Two hundred thousand men."

By the 1st of November Adjutant-General Thomas's official report of this conversation, in all its detail, was published in most of the newspapers of the country, giving the enemy full knowledge of many important facts relating to Gen. Sherman's department. He was too weak to defend our lines, and the enemy knew it. He had no hope of reinforcements, and withal, was evidently in discredit with the War Department, as being too apprehensive of the power, strength and resources of the enemy. He, therefore, felt he could not successfully conduct the campaign, and asked to be relieved. He was succeeded by Gen. Buell, who was at once reinforced, and enabled to hold his defensive positions until Grant, the following spring, should advance down the Mississippi and up the Cumberland.

Gen. Sherman was now set down as "crazy," and quietly retired to the command of Benton barracks, near St. Louis. The evidence of his insanity was his answer to the Secretary of War—that to make a successful advance against the enemy, then strongly posted at all strategic points from the Mississippi to Cumberland Gap, would require an army two hundred thousand strong! The answer was the inspiration or the judgment of a military genius; but to the mind of Mr. Secretary Cameron it was the prophecy of a false wizard.

Gen. Sherman's military exploits since that period are fresh in the public recollection. But the following testimony to his eminent services may not be uninteresting:

Gen. Grant, in a letter to the War Department, under date of July 26, 1863, says: "To Gen. Sherman I was greatly indebted for his promptness in forwarding to me during the siege of Fort Donelson reinforcements and supplies from Paducah. At the battle of Shiloh, on the first day, he held with raw troops the key point to the landing. It is no disparagement to any other officer to say that I do not believe there was another division commander on the field who had the skill and experience to have done it. To his individual efforts I am indebted for the success of that battle."

FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness,
Nimble feet forget their lightness:
Sunnier charms may know decay,
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim,
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain flower
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the grander flow'rets dead;
So when outward charms are gone
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite of Time's destroying dart,
The gentle, kindly, loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail
When on Life's rough sea we sail;
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,
And the wit no longer glow;
But more smooth we'll find the sea,
And our course the fairer be,
If our pilot, when we start,
Be a kindly, loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old,
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Doth this year as lovely seem,
As it did in Life's young dream,
Ere the world had crusted o'er
Feelings good and pure before;
Ere ye sold in Mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart!

The Visit of Gilmore and Jaquess to Richmond.

The following extracts contain the main points of a long conversation that Col. Jaquess and Mr. Gilmore had with Jeff. Davis:—

"Well," (says Jeff. Davis) "admitting all you say, I can't see how it affects our position. There are some things worse than hanging or extermination. We reckon giving up the right of self-government one of those things."

"By self-government you mean disunion—Southern independence?"

"Yes."

"And slavery you say, is no longer an element in the contest."

"No it is not; it never was an essential element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an easier culmination. It fired the musket which was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South that will, however this war may end, make them two nations."

"You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and never observed those differences."

"Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years."

The laugh was upon me, and Mr. Benjamin enjoyed it.

"Well, sir, be that as it may, if I understand you, the dispute between your Government and ours is narrowed down to this: Union or disunion."

"Yes; or to put it in other words: Independence or subjugation."

"Then the two Governments are irreconcilably apart. They have no alternative but to fight it out.

As we were leaving the room, Mr. Davis added—

"Say to Mr. Lincoln, from me, that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other."

When we went out Mr. Benjamin called Judge Ould, who had been waiting during the whole interview, two hours, at the other end of the hall, and we passed down the stairway together. As I put my arm within that of the Judge, he said to me,

"Well, what is the result?"

"Nothing but war; war to the knife."

"Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone," added the Colonel, solemnly.

☞ The London Review says that the divisions in the English church, represented by the terms High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church, have given rise to the nicknames of attitudinarians, platitudinarians, and latitudinarians.

☞ By the capture of Forts Powell and Gaines, seventy pieces of superior ordnance fell into our hands. Most of the guns were of English manufacture.

☞ The horror expressed at the sending North of four hundred women and girls, who were making clothing for the rebel army, in a factory in Georgia, has been misplaced. It seems now the exodus was voluntary, and arranged by Gen. Sherman at the request of the emigrants themselves. They were anxious to go where they could escape starvation and earn a livelihood.

The Eye Portrait.

"What is the reason you object to live in the old family house, Alfred? The man who drove me from the station told me it was haunted; but you, surely, do not believe in such nonsense?"

"Certainly not. You must have a bad memory, however, if you cannot understand the reason why no earthly inducement would bring me to occupy it."

"Well, my memory is bad enough, I allow; but when I left England, seventeen years ago, your father and mother occupied it; and I never heard either you or your sister find any fault with it."

"Ah! I had forgotten. You have not heard of the dreadful affair which cut us up root and branch; for I am the only survivor of the family left, except my poor sister, and I shall never marry."

"Crossed in love, eh? If you had come out to me in South America when it happened, you would have forgotten it long ago, and have come home as fully determined to marry and settle down as I am. But tell me all about it, my dear old boy. Let me see, when I left England you had just entered on your first term at Oxford."

"Just so. Our parting was the first sorrow of my life. How well I remember my sister, my cousin Fanny, and myself walking with you to the station! Fanny was not much to look at then; but if you had seen her when she was two years older you would have thought her, as I did, one of the most beautiful girls the sun ever shone upon.

"I understand—Cousin Fanny was the rock on which the happiness of your life was wrecked, as novelists say."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, do not speak another word in that jeering tone. I will tell you what has happened since, on condition that you do not speak of it again. I had but a few months longer to remain at college when I was sent for, in consequence of the serious illness of my mother. On reaching home I found that Fanny was staying there, and during this time we were necessarily a great deal together. My sister was occupied in attendance on my mother, and could not often accompany us in our walks. Under other circumstances I might have seen so many different faces, have had so many visits to make, and have found so much amusement in field sports and in talking with my father respecting alterations and improvements about the estate, that I should have had comparatively few opportunities of associating with my cousin. As it was, we were in each other's society for hours daily. The result of this constant association was, that I became passionately attached to her; and when my mother had recovered so far as to be out of danger, and I was about to return to Oxford, I obtained from her the acknowledgment that my love was returned, and I left her with the understanding that when I had taken my degree the day of our marriage should be fixed. If ever there was a man in the world who looked forward with undoubting confidence to a life of happiness I was that man. My father and mother were both favorable to our marriage, and there was no conceivable obstacle to oppose our wishes. The only person whom Fanny had to consult was her aunt, and there was nothing to fear from any objections on her part.

"I do not suppose you remember, even if you ever heard, that this aunt of hers was very rich. She had adopted Fanny and her brother when they were mere children, their father and mother having been drowned in the ——— when that vessel went down in the Bay of Biscay. Fanny's brother I had never seen. His conduct was so bad at Eton, that he was expelled from that school, and so disgusted his aunt that she refused to allow him to live with her, and he was sent to St. Omer to finish his education there. He left St. Omer without giving any reason, and went to Italy, living on the allowance that his aunt made him. In his letters he spoke only of the occupations and amusements of the various courts and cities he visited, and the frequency with which he wrote to his aunt mollified her feelings towards him so far as to induce her to increase his allowance; but she said she had vowed that her whole fortune should go to her niece on her death, and nothing would induce her to break this solemn resolution.

"Complete happiness is better than all the cramming in the world in helping a man to read for his degree. I was up early in the morning and on the river, and had a long day afterwards for study. As I was leaving chapel one morning a familiar voice said 'Good-morning, Mr. Alfred,' and a hand was held before me with a letter. I was so surprised that before I took the letter I looked at the speaker, and a chill came over me when I saw that it was the groom who waited upon me when I was at home. Telling him to go to my rooms, I went back into the chapel, which was now empty, and opened the letter. It was written by my father; and after exhorting me to bear the painful news he had to give me like a man, he told me briefly that Fanny had disappeared on the previous morning, and that they had been seeking her all night in vain. On reading this letter I rushed to my room, threw off my cap and gown, and within a quarter of an hour was driving homewards. My first question as I jumped out of the gig and took my father's hand was, 'Have you found her?' His answer was in the negative. He told me she had gone out alone before breakfast, as usual, and had not been seen since, though she had been sought for in every place.

"It may have been a year or more before this that I had taken a great interest in photography, and there was not a picturesque spot about the estate or near it I had not photographed. During my mother's illness it was my chief amusement; and, accompanied by my cousin and a man to carry the apparatus, I had spent whole days in practising an art which, to me, had all the charm of novelty. I remembered well all the spots which had most pleased her, and where we had afterwards walked most frequently. Too impatient to regulate my pace by my father's, I called to my groom to come with me, and set off to search those places beyond the limits of the estate which we had liked most. I had searched several of these without success, and had got as far as The Beeches, when I suddenly recollected that there was a place called 'Clay Hollow,' about two miles distant. This was a very lonely spot, but commanded a beautiful view, and had been a favorite walk of ours since we had discovered it. Wondering why I had not thought of it before, I set out for this place. The pathway, which led into the hollow, wound through furze and broom, and came out behind a remarkably fine old oak. I had no need to look further. Beneath this oak lay the dead body of the woman with whom I had expected to share a long life of happiness.

"If this had happened but an hour ago, I should not have a more vivid recollection of what I felt as I looked at the widely-opened glazed eyes and the distorted features which I had last seen full of life and animation. The body was carried home and laid in the great hall, and a surgeon was sent for, who, after a brief examination, told us, what I had seen already, that she had been strangled.

"No other motive for the murder, except robbery, could be suggested; but whether she had been robbed or not nobody could tell, as at that early hour of the morning it was not likely she could have had anything about her which anybody could steal. There was indeed a brooch missing from her shawl, but this was afterwards picked up among the grass. The necessary legal formalities were gone through the next day, and a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against some person or persons unknown was returned. As soon as the crowd of individuals concerned in the inquiry had departed, and I was left alone with my father and the surgeon, (my sister having been sent, as soon as Fanny's body was discovered, to her aunt to inform her of the dreadful loss we had sustained,) I requested the latter to come with me to the Hall. Perfect love excludes every other feeling. I felt no shrinking horror at the sight of the dead body of my betrothed. Night and day I had remained beside the corpse; and it was while looking at the eyes, so changed since the mind had ceased to look out of them, that an idea occurred to me which I had immediately determined to put in execution as soon as the official investigation was over. The idea was *that a photograph of the retina of the eye might be magnified so as to present a distinct image of the last object depicted on it.* Every object depicted on the retina during life endures for a time, and is succeeded and effaced by another. The duration of the image on the retina is, however, influenced by various causes. If the eye is directed towards a very brightly-illuminated object, the impression made upon the retina is so strong, that when the eye is turned towards a light-colored surface, the dazzling object is still visible; but, instead of appearing bright, it is represented darkly, as though it were the shadow of that object. The duration of the image is also affected by the condition of the humors contained in the eye. When death is caused by strangulation, the eye becomes charged with a viscous secretion, which is not withdrawn, but coagulates and hardens, so to speak, as vitality is expelled, and the last image impressed on it is retained precisely as the picture is retained on the photograph which the light has printed on it with the most delicate gradations of tone. These and similar reflections induced me to determine to put the conclusions I had arrived at to the test. With this view, I requested the surgeon to remove one of the eyes from its socket. From this I took a great number of photographs on glass, and then gave it back to him that he might restore it to its place. These pictures were of course very much smaller than the eye itself, and it was therefore necessary to devise a method of enlarging them. No very profound knowledge of the effects produced by a combination of lenses was required to point out the means of accomplishing this. I caused one of the rooms to be made totally dark, and an opening to be made in the boards which were nailed over the window just large enough to admit a single ray of light. This ray was made to pass through a succession of lenses, and also through the glass on which the photographic image was printed, a sheet of prepared paper being fixed to receive the magnified image, and record it in ineffaceable characters.

"Conceive, if you can, the intense anxiety with which I waited for the development of the hidden secret. The day was unusually dull and wet, both circumstances which delayed the reproduction of the image. Hour after hour dragged along till the day ended, and the result was just sufficiently evident to prove that a face was growing out of the paper. I heard persons knocking at the door, but I took no heed of them. I felt neither hunger nor the want of sleep; but sat there on the floor through the long, long night, which seemed as if it would never come to an end, till I was half maddened by my eagerness, and the fear that the murderer might have time to escape beyond the reach of discovery. I thanked God with all my soul when the first faint indication came of returning daylight. The morning sun shone full on the window, and I saw with inexpressible satisfaction that the light was far more vivid than on the preceding day. By slow, very slow degrees—for it is not with these enlarged representations as with small ones—the face became more and more defined. What mixed feelings of horror, rage and grief filled my mind while this likeness of the murderer crept slowly, but steadily, from darkness into light. It seemed as it were a phantom from the world beyond gradually assuming the solidity of an inhabitant of the earth.

"At last I had before me the portrait of the last human being on whom her eyes had rested. It was that of a man, young, with good features, but with an indescribable expression of mingled terror and ferocity in his face. This, to some extent, served as a disguise; but the features were too strongly marked for it to prevent any person who knew the original from recognizing him. I showed it to my father, and he had a vague impression that he had seen a person resembling it somewhere, but that was all. I then rode with it to the police station, and put it into the hands of the superintendent. All the constables were called in, but they all declared that they had never seen a person about the country resembling the portrait. Leaving this in his possession, I took another likeness, which I myself showed to every individual, old and young, for miles round.

"All our researches were fruitless. Nobody had seen a person resembling the portrait; a circumstance the more mysterious that it was not that of a person who would be likely to pass unnoticed. The only plausible suggestion to account for this was made by the superintendent, namely, that the man, whoever he was, had come across the fields from the railway-station, and had returned the same way; but inquiries made at the station failed to confirm this idea.

"The continual sight of the effigy of the murderer almost drove me out of my senses. My brain was so far affected that I was incapable of applying myself to anything, and I believe nothing saved me from going raving mad but the conviction that I should one day discover the murderer. To search for him was my sole occupation. In theatres, on the racecourse, at railway-stations—everywhere where men congregated I sought him. I saw neither the amusements nor the business; nothing but faces. The death of my mother, which at any other time would have affected me deeply, came so soon after the other calamity that I hardly felt it.

"Month after month I wandered up and down the streets of London from morning to night, avoiding no place, however infamous, where there was a chance of finding the man of whom I was in search. My quest was interrupted for a time by a letter from my sister, summoning me home. My father was very ill, and no hope was held out of his recovery. When all was over, the medical man suggested that I might be more successful in finding my cousin's murderer if I went on the Continent. I thought he was right. I went to Paris, thence to Baden, and through all the German watering-places. From Berlin I went to Vienna, and from that city to Venice, having been drawn to the latter place by a paragraph in a newspaper stating that the city was thronged with foreigners. I was always well supplied with letters of introduction to persons in every place I visited. The first I presented on the morning after my arrival in Venice was to Count Frasini, who, before we parted, gave me an invitation to a ball to come off in the evening. The Count occupied a palace facing the square of St. Mark, a very large building, which on this evening was crowded with visitors. I had seated myself on a balcony outside the ball-room, from whence I could see all who approached the Countess to pay their respects. I dare say it was close upon midnight when I saw two gentlemen making their way towards the spot where the Countess was seated conversing with the young Archduke Maximilian and the commander of the Austrian troops. The taller of the two bent his head so frequently that I was unable to get a distinct view of his face; but the partial glimpse I got of it from time to time convinced me that I had at last found the man I had been so long seeking. I re-entered the room; but just as I did so he seemed to think that it would be hopeless to attempt to reach the Countess, for he turned suddenly to the right, passed through a doorway and disappeared. Little as I heeded who I thrust aside in crossing the room, it took me so long to make my way through the crowd of visitors that when I reached the staircase the man of whom I was in pursuit had reached the street. I rushed down the stairs, and found that they led me to a small door, which likewise opened into the square; but it was not that by which I had entered, which was at some distance and surrounded by servants and boatmen. I looked eagerly about the square, uncertain which way to pursue, when suddenly I saw a bright flash at the furthest corner of the square, as though somebody was lighting a cigar. The distance between us was so great that I could only imagine it to be the man I was seeking. Nevertheless, I rushed across the square as fast I could run towards him. I overtook him as he was leaning over a bridge which crossed one of the canals, looking down at the water. I seized him by the arm with my left hand, and with my right I grasped a handful of his clothes. I could not speak for the moment, so great was my excitement; and just as I was about to raise my voice for help I felt a sharp pain, and a descent through the air, followed by a sensation of extreme cold. After this I was half conscious of a cry that an assassin was in the water, and then I seemed to fall asleep. A long sleep it must have been, for it was five weeks afterwards before I knew that I had been thrown into a canal, from whence I had been taken by some boatmen who were close to me with their gondolas where I had fallen. As soon as I had recovered my strength sufficiently to move about my room (for the wound I had received was more painful than dangerous) I was told that I must consider myself in custody, the boatmen who gave me over to the police officials having told them that I was attempting to commit a robbery on a gentleman, when his two servants seized me, and in the scuffle wounded me, and I jumped into the canal.

"I sent for Count Frasini, and told him of what had happened. He soon settled the matter with the police; but although I showed him the portrait of his guest, he was unable to identify the original, 'which,' said he, 'is not surprising, considering the number of strangers who are here, and that any of my friends are privileged to bring as many of their friends to our parties as they choose, without the ceremony of an introduction.'

"I did not lose courage even under this disappointment; on the contrary, the conviction that I must one day discover the murderer grew stronger than ever. The first use I made of my renewed strength was to resume my search in Venice, but to no purpose; and when all hope of finding him here was gone I travelled to Rome. At this city I found an accumulation of letters from my sister. They spoke of the satisfactory way in which the bailiff, who had served my father for many years, managed the estate, of a great many matters of less importance, and urged me strongly to return home. The strongest motive she had for desiring my return she said very little about; nor did I, in my then state of mind, feel greatly interested in it. She wanted to consult me respecting an offer of marriage she had received from Fanny's brother, who had returned to England and become reconciled to his aunt. I answered her letter, telling her that, if she liked to accept him as her husband, I could have no reason for objecting to him; that she had better act in the way most agreeable to her inclinations, subject to her aunt's approval, and that I would endeavor to reach England in time to be present at her wedding. Having written thus, I dismissed the matter from my mind and continued my wanderings. I shall not weary you by specifying any more of the cities I visited. I had heard that my sister was married and was very happy; and, in utter weariness and almost despair of succeeding in again meeting with Fanny's murderer, I resolved to come back here for a time.

"I left London about noon, and on reaching the station where my journey ended, I told the porter to put my luggage in a safe place till I should send for it. I had not taken the trouble to write to my sister to say on what day I should come, so, as I was not expected, I walked across to the old oak tree beneath which the body had been found. I sat here buried in thought for a long time, and, soon after turning into the lane on my way to the house, I met a woodman with whom I had spent many days in felling trees. He was so anxious that I should go to his cottage to see his wife, who had been nursemaid in our family when I was a child, that I walked with him there. I stayed there some time, listening to what they had to say of changes about the estate, and of persons I had once known, but whose names I had then almost forgotten. On leaving them I found it was so late that I pushed my way through a hedge to get to the house by a shorter way than by following the carriage road. By going this way I had to pass through a wood; and directly I stepped out from beneath the trees I saw crossing the field, about a stone's throw distant from me, a man carrying a gun. I stepped out briskly to overtake him. The land had been newly ploughed, so that he did not seem to hear my steps till I was close to him, when he turned round and we stood face to face. The sun was going down, and he had to bend his head a little to look at me, because of the rays which shone directly into his eyes. My heart for an instant ceased to beat. There before me—his face inclined exactly as it was in the photograph—stood the murderer I had been seeking for so many years. He, no doubt, recognized me, for he looked as inanimate as though he had been suddenly turned to stone. As soon as the shock had passed, I rushed at him, and seized him with both hands. 'Murderer!' I said, 'you do not escape as at Venice.' He offered no resistance at first, and I looked around to see if there was anybody near I could send to the police-station to bid the constables come to fetch him way. He may have understood why I withdrew my eyes from him, for he recovered his strength instantaneously and seized me by the throat. He was far stronger than I, and I felt myself tossed hither and thither; but I clung to him notwithstanding. I tried, as I wrestled with him, to throw him, but I could get no foothold on the uneven ground; and it was he who succeeded in forcing me backwards to the earth. Still, I held him, but he could not press my throat with full force; and it was I who now had to struggle to save my own life. My head seemed to be swelling to a monstrous size, and this was the last thing I remember.

"I lay in the field all that night. In the morning I was seen by the man who came to finish the ploughing, and he, with the help of the keepers, carried me home. I was quite unable to move; but I had a dreamlike consciousness of what was being done. By the time I was laid on the bed I had recovered so far as to be able to speak, and the first words I spoke was an order to a man to ride as hard as he could go to the police-station and bring back with him the superintendent.

"My sister came to my bedside as the man left the room. We were always strongly attached to each other; but I was surprised to see her so agitated by, as I supposed, the attack made on me. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she looked so worn and pale that I feared she was ill. After answering her questions with respect to myself, I said—

"'You were with our aunt when I made those photographs of poor Fanny's murderer, and have never seen one, have you? I thought not,' I continued; 'but if you open the pocket-book which is in the breast-pocket of my coat you will see it.'

"She opened it, took out the portrait, and, looking at it, said, 'This is not it. This is my husband's portrait. Where did you get it?'

"'Your husband! Fanny's brother!—her murderer!' I stammered. The truth flashed upon our minds at the same instant.

"For several hours she remained totally insensible; and when at last she became conscious, she talked incoherently, and has not since recovered the use of her reason.

"I was thankful, when I was told that the superintendent had arrived, that I had not had time or opportunity to mention to anybody but my sister the cause of my being found insensible. Leaving it to be inferred that it was due to sudden illness, I gave the superintendent to understand that I had sent for him to direct a search after my brother-in-law, who had not been seen since the preceding evening. After he had made inquiries among the servants he came back to tell me that he would send over a constable to follow up the matter. As he was leaving the room, I said, carelessly—

"'Have you still got the portrait I gave you several years ago?'

"'No,' he replied. 'I kept it about two years; but it had then faded almost entirely away, and then I threw it into the fire.'

"I made him no answer; but I was thankful that the copy I had given him had been less durable than my own.

"It was found that my sister's husband had gone to London; and that is the last I heard concerning him.

"Do I think he was his sister's murderer? you ask. Is it possible to doubt it? I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in all cases where death occurs in broad daylight, and especially when it is caused by similar means, the last object on which the eye rests will be found depicted on the retina after death, and from Darkness may be brought into Light."

A Vision—The Rebel Army in the Skies.—A number of the good people at Plum Creek and at Emrich's tavern, have been startled by a vision of a most marvellous character. The story is, that on Monday morning last the skies exhibited a scene which appeared like a large army moving in a northeasterly direction. Men in uniforms, with muskets and knapsacks, could be distinctly seen, also men on horseback. Officers could be distinguished from privates. Strange to say, some of the good folks up Shamokin creek, six miles from the other parties, also saw the same marvellous exhibition about the same time, and others west of the Susquehanna were equally fortunate. Some of these profess to have seen the rebel flag, or a dark flag, while others of the fortunate spectators, out the turnpike, think the uniform of the soldiers was of a bluish color. We have heard the names of more than a dozen persons who profess to have witnessed this apparition, all of them respectable individuals.—*Sunbury American.*

Child Abducted.—On Thursday evening a little boy, aged about three years, son of Mr. Charles Smith, a resident of Monongahela borough, was abducted, while he was playing on the sidewalk near his parents' residence. A middle-aged man was observed taking the child up in his arms, and on being questioned by a boy as to what he intended to do with it, he stated that it was his own boy, and he was taking him home. The toll-keeper on the south side of the Monongahela bridge observed the man crossing over to this city, having the child in his arms. The father of the child was informed of the occurrence, and immediately conveyed the intelligence to the Mayor's office. A vigorous search was then instituted, but no traces of the child or the abductor have been discovered. The cause of this fiendish act is a mystery to the parents.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

☞ An army contractor was hung out in Indiana a few days ago. He had *contracted* so much it was thought advisable to stretch him a bit.

LATEST NEWS.

Gen. Grant has sent an official dispatch of the recent operations of the Army of the Potomac. On Thursday last, Gen. Warren's Corps advanced across the Weldon Railroad and had considerable fighting during the day. On Friday, our troops were firmly fixed across the road. There was little or no fighting. A considerable number of rebel dead was found in Warren's front. A heavy attack on Birney's lines on Thursday night was repulsed, with great loss to the enemy. On Friday night Gen. Warren was attacked and a heavy fight ensued. Our lines were re-established, however, and a good many prisoners were captured. We also lost a considerable number of prisoners. This is the latest information received by the War Department. Unofficial reports say that our position north of James river has not been materially changed.

From Gen. Sherman the War Department has satisfactory intelligence up to Friday night.

Official reports from Gen. Sheridan represent all quiet in front of his lines on Saturday morning.

The rebel Gilmor entered Martinsburg on Friday night.

Gen. Sherman has been appointed a Major General in the regular army, and Gen. Hancock a Brigadier General.

The pirate Tallahassee left Halifax early on Saturday morning, going eastward. The gunboat Pontoosuc arrived there some time afterwards, but started immediately in pursuit.

☞ A gentleman bathing at Newport a few days since, lost in the sand a diamond ring, valued at two thousand dollars. A sieve was procured, and the sand in the vicinity sifted, to no purpose, and the loser was about giving it up as lost, when, looking down, he discovered the lost jewel at his feet.

☞ The following prayer for prisoners of war has been set forth for use in the Diocese of New Jersey by Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer: "O, Holy Father, who has taught us, in the blessed Word, that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; have pity and compassion, we humbly beseech Thee, for Jesus' sake, upon all prisoners of war. Remember them in mercy, endue their souls with patience under their afflictions, and cheer them and their family with a good hope of speedy deliverance from all their trials. Give them the abundance of Thy grace, that being delivered from the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God, they may become partakers of the promise of Thy Beloved Son, whose service is perfect freedom, and whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost together, we worship and glorify as one God, world without end. Amen."

☞ Some years before Marietta was the beautiful inland city and summer resort for the wealth and fashion of Lower Georgia that it now is, Judge Underwood was there attending court. At the close of the term, when he was about going away, he remarked to General Hansell: "General, when my time comes, I am coming to Marietta to die." "Ah!" replied the General, "I'm glad you think so much of our little town." "It's not that," replied the Judge; "it's because I can leave it with less regret than any other place on the face of the earth." Sure enough he did die there. He came on the train about twelve o'clock, was taken suddenly ill at dinner, about one o'clock, and in half an hour he was dead.

☞ To vegetate in a country village in the dog-days is a penance severe enough to atone for the folly of leaving one's comfortable home in search of felicity in the rural districts.—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ We complain of the mosquitoes here at the North, but according to a writer in "All the Year Round," they abound in such dense clouds in some parts of Florida, they have been known to extinguish a great blazing pine wood fire in the open air, singeing their wings, and falling into it so fast that the fire, unable to consume them, they smother it. The wayfarer is thus placed in the awkward dilemma of having attracted his enemies by the necessary fire and light, which he is yet unable to keep burning. This is bad enough, but Mr. Reade, the African traveller, tells a worse story. He says a gentleman at Fernando Po was bitten by a mosquito on the leg, and had to suffer amputation.

☞ Quick Work.—The first information of the depredations of the pirate Tallahassee were received by the Navy Department on the 12th, after office hours, when Secretary Welles at once ordered the following named vessels to forthwith start in pursuit, namely:—Juniata, Susquehanna, Eolus, Pontoosuc, Dumbarton and Tristam Shandy. On the 13th the Moccasin, Astor, Yantic, R. R. Cuyler and Grand Gulf were sent out, and on the 15th the Dacotah and San Jacinto were similarly despatched, taking different directions. These were all the vessels available by the Navy Department.

☞ Dress bonnets in Paris are made without crowns—flowers, butterflies and llama lace supply what little covering is considered necessary.

☞ The "thrilling adventure" of Farina, at Niagara Falls, turns out to have been got up for effect, to draw visitors to the spot, and to have been only one of those sensation clap-traps for which that locality becomes annually famous.

☞ A correspondent of the New York Express, who claims to be himself a large coal stockholder, writes that the practice of selling coal by auction to keep up the prices is highly censurable. He says coal can be sold for $8 per ton, and allow the companies a dividend of 10 per cent.

☞ The coal tonnage of the present season, according to the Pennsylvania Company's reports, exceeds that of last season by 700,509 tons. The supply of coal at New York continues large, but would be much larger if transportation were equal to production. People who wish coal to fall in price, should economize in its use, and buy only as they want it.

☞ Tunnel Through the Pyrenees.—There are no longer the Pyrenees, says the Moniteur. On July 15th, a locomotive, coming from Spain, passed through the Pyrenees into France along the new series of tunnels 26 kilometres in length. This was merely a trial trip, and it was perfectly successful. The official opening of the line is fixed for August 15th.

☞ A chimney built in 1793, in an old house at Northampton, Mass., was lately taken down, and furnished bricks enough to build three modern chimneys, an underpinning to a house, eight piers in the cellar, a cistern, and a drain 300 feet long, besides a wagon load sold and a lot left.

☞ The Congress of Chili have passed a bill empowering the Government to expend the sum of $1,500,000 upon the increase of the navy. The Fourth of July was celebrated in all the principal cities of Chili with great enthusiasm.

FALTER NOT.

Oh! falter not in bearing the rude cross!
Though sore the weight, and deep the wound it probes;
The wayworn spirit, freed from earthly dross,
Shall soon stand crowned, and drest in perfect robes.

Oh! do not falter now; the way, though rough,
Shows many a sunny spot where thou may'st rest;
And heaven's glad sunlight here were sweet enough,
Though thou of all things else wert dispossessed.

When gloom and mist are past for ever more,
How sweet will be the dawning of that day—
Slow breaking, fair and cloudless, on the shore
Where every bitter tear is wiped away!

How passing sweet and clear will chime the sound
Of angel voices, waked to welcome thee!
How earthly thoughts will fade with their low bound,
When soul and sight are in *eternity!*

Then falter not below! but fix thine eye
With faith's keen vision on a world to come;
Where mansions are prepared beyond the sky,
Whose "light thereof" calls every wanderer home.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXVII.

A SLIGHT CHECK.

The house was blazing with light, every window bright with it. Mrs. Cray loved pomp and vanity in all their forms, and she generally caused her rooms to be lighted with the first glimmer of twilight. Mark Cray stepped into his handsome hall and was received by a couple of footmen. Flinging his hat to one, his gloves to another, he bounded up-stairs to his dressing-room, conscious that he was keeping the dinner and his guests waiting.

Did Mark Cray ever cast a sigh of regret to the quiet life at Hallingham, when he and his wife used to sit down to mutton cutlets and a pudding, and think the fare good enough? Did *she* regret it at any odd moment? Not yet. Dress and dinners and expense of all sorts bring a fascination with them all too enthralling to the senses. How they pall upon the wearied spirit in time, how they deaden the heart and debase the intellect, let those answer who have become their slaves; but Mark Cray and his wife had not reached that period of weariness yet. You may be very sure, knowing what you do know of the world and the generality of people who populate it, that Mr. and Mrs. Cray wanted not for what is called society. The great projector of the Great Wheal Bang Company, holding in his own hands the power to make others rich, was not likely to lack adulation in his private capacity any more than in his public one, and he and his wife drank their fill of it. Mark's mind was shallow, and his head tolerably empty, but he was sufficiently attractive in manners to win his way in society, even without the adjunct just mentioned. Mark was looked upon as a gentleman also; for it had somehow got reported that he was a nephew of the proud Baronet of Thorndike. Perhaps it may be forgiven to poor empty-headed Mark that he held his tongue from contradicting it, and suffered the world to think he was of the family of that great man. As to Caroline, people were in love with her beauty and her youth; and the costly extravagances of the house in Grosvenor Place bore their own charm. Altogether, more guests crowded the doors of Mr. and Mrs. Cray than the doors could always hold. Many satellites of the great world, of a position far above the real one of Mark Cray and his wife, flocked to pay them court; and neither of them was wise enough to see how unsuitable are extremes, or to discern that the acquaintance would never have been condescended to, but that Mark was the Great Wheal Bang's powerful chieftain. Therefore it was nothing unusual for Mark Cray to receive dinner guests at his board; on the contrary, it would have been a marked circumstance now had he and his wife dined alone.

Mark washed his hands and hurried on his coat, and in a few minutes was at his dinner-table, his guests on either side him. One guest at it, Mark could only regard with astonishment, and that was Miss Davenal. Not that Miss Davenal was not fitted to grace a dinner-table; no lady more so at her age in the three kingdoms; but she had so resolutely abstained from honoring Mark's house with her presence, that he had never expected to see her in it again. Caroline said she should invite her and Sara to meet their old friends the Fords, and Mark had laughed when he heard it. "She'll never come," he said; "you might as well invite the lioness from the Zoological Gardens." However, here she was; she had chosen to come. She sat on Mark's left hand, her delicate features quite beautiful in their refinement; Miss Ford was on his right, a shrinking little woman of forty years; Miss Mary Ford and Sara Davenal were lower down, and the physician, a little, red-faced, thin man who talked incessantly and wore nankin pantaloons, was next to Caroline. "Put a knife and fork for Mr. Barker," Mark had said to his servants; but Mr. Barker had not made his appearance yet. Those were all the guests.

There is something false about Caroline to-day. Look at her dress! It is white watered silk, gleaming with richness, as the dew drops are gleaming in the white crape flowers in her hair; and it, the white silk, is elaborately trimmed with black ruchings and ribbons. That black, put on by her maid, taking the girl a whole afternoon to do it, has been added with a motive. Caroline in her evening dress has long put off the mourning for her good uncle, her more than father, dead though he has been but four months yet; but she is to-day a little ashamed of her haste, and she has assumed these black ribbons before these Hallingham friends and her Aunt Bettina, to make believe that she still wears it. Her violet eyes are intensely bright, and her cheeks glow with their sweetest and softest carmine. Sara wears a black crape robe, a little edging of white net only on its low body and sleeves, and she wears no ornament, except the jet beads on her neck and arms. The two Miss Fords are in copper-colored silks made high; when they saw Mrs. Cray's white silk, fit for the court of our gracious Queen, they felt uncomfortable, and attempted a sort of apology: that they had brought no dinner dresses with them.

And the dinner is in accordance with Caroline's attire. Soup, and fish, and *entrees*, and roasts, and jellies, and sweets, and fal-lals; and more sorts of wine than the Miss Fords, simple and plain, could remember afterwards to count; and flowers, and plate, and servants in abundance: and grandeur enough altogether for the dining-room of England's Premier.

It was this state, this show, this expense that so offended the good sense (very good always, though over severe) of Miss Bettina Davenal, and kept her aloof from Mr. and Mrs. Cray's house. If Mark really was making the vast amount of money (but it would have taken a wiser tongue than Mark's to convince her that that usually assumed fact was not a fallacy,) then they ought to be putting it by, she argued: if they were not making it, if all this was but specious wealth, soon to pass away and leave ashes and ruin behind it, then Mark and Caroline were fit only for the lunatic asylum. In any point of view, the luxurious appointments of the dinner she saw before her were entirely out of place for middle-class life: and Miss Bettina felt an irrepressible prevision that their folly would come home to them.

But she knew better than to mar the meeting with any unpleasant reproaches or forebodings then, and she was as cordial and chatty as her deafness allowed. It was a real pleasure to meet Hallingham friends, and Miss Bettina enjoyed herself more than she had ever done since the doctor's death.

The entertainment came to an end, and Caroline marshalled her guests to the glittering drawing-room: glittering with its mirrors, its chandeliers, and the many lights from its gilded girandoles. Dr. Ford and Mark followed shortly, and found them drinking coffee. Caroline and Sara were stealing a minute's private chat together: they had lived apart of late.

"How *did* you get my aunt to come?" Caroline was asking. "We thought she never intended to honor us again."

"She came of her own accord. I did not say a word to press it. I have been so vexed this afternoon, Caroline," resumed Sara, turning to a different subject. "My aunt has told me finally that she will not have Dick and Leo up for their holidays."

Caroline shrugged her pretty shoulders. Very much as if Dick and Leo and their holidays were perfectly indifferent to her. "I don't think I should, in Aunt Bettina's place. Boys are dreadfully troublesome animals; and now that—that poor Uncle Richard is not here to keep them in order"—another shrug finished the sentence.

"Oh, but that is one reason why I so wish them to come," said Sara, her voice somewhat tremulous. "I don't expect that they can be had always; that would be unreasonable: but to stay at school just this first time after poor papa's death!—it will seem so hard to them. Caroline, could *you* not have them up?"

"*I!*" returned Caroline, amazed at the proposition.

"You have a large house and plenty of servants. It would be an act of real kindness."

"Good gracious, Sara! I'd not have them; I'd not be worried with those two boys for six weeks if you paid me in gold and diamonds. They—who's this?"

The door had opened, and one of the servants was waiting to make an announcement.

"Mr. Oswald Cray."

Caroline ran to meet him. He looked rather surprised at her attire, and began apologizing in a laughing sort of way for his own morning coat. He had expected to meet only Barker and Dr. Ford. A greeting to the Hallingham people, and he went up and held out his hand to Miss Davenal.

"You are a great stranger, Mr. Oswald Cray. I did not suppose that the formal call you made upon me when I settled in town three months ago was to be your only one."

"I am a sadly busy man," was his answer. "Offending I fear some of my best friends through not visiting them. But I can scarcely dare to call my time my own."

"Out of town do you say? Well that is an excuse of course. Sara, here's Mr. Oswald Cray: you used to know him in Hallingham."

The blushes tingled on her cheek as Mr. Oswald Cray touched her hand. Tingled at the thought that it was not the first time they had met that day.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Oswald, since I saw you before dinner?" called out Mark, who was pointing out the beauty of the paintings on his walls to the Miss Fords.

"I have been to Pimlico since then."

"To Pimlico! Oh, I know; to that friend of yours, Allister. It strikes me you go there pretty often."

"As often as I can spare time for," returned Oswald.

Mark laughed. Had he possessed that refined regard for the feelings of others, never wanting in the true gentleman, he had not so spoken.

"*I* know. But you need not be so close over it, Oswald. That Miss Allister is a nice girl, is she not?"

"Very," was the emphatic reply.

"One to be esteemed. Eh?"

"As few can be esteemed by me."

Oswald spoke in his coldest, most uncompromising tone; his haughty face turned almost defiantly on Mark. He was the last man to brook this sort of speech, and in that moment he despised Mark. Sara had a book in her hand, and she never raised her drooping eyelids from it. What was it to her now whom he esteemed? But she *heard:* all too plainly.

There was a pause of silence; rather an unpleasant one. It was broken by Miss Mary Ford.

"I must not forget to ask after your old servant Watton, Miss Davenal. Does she like her place? I suppose you see her occasionally."

"Thank you, I don't like it at all," returned Miss Davenal, hearing wrongly as usual. "What was Mark asking you, Mr. Oswald Cray?"

"Watton is quite well; I saw her this morning," interposed Sara, who perhaps did not care that Mark's choice of subject should again be brought forward. Mrs. Cray caught up the words.

"Saw Watton this morning, Sara! Where did you see her?"

And the very moment the unlucky admission had left Sara's lips, she knew how thoughtless it was to have made it, and what an undesirable discussion it might involve.

"Where did you see Watton?" repeated Mrs. Cray.

"I had a little business that way and called upon her," replied Sara. She was obliged to speak: there was no help for it; and all the room seemed to be listening to her answer, which she had not time to weigh.

"Business down that way!" echoed Caroline. "Why it is in the City. What business could you have there?"

"Not much: nothing of moment to you, Caroline;" and Sara in her dismay and fear turned and began talking rapidly to old Dr. Ford.

"Aunt Bettina," called out Mrs. Cray, in a slow distinct voice, "what business took Sara to the city this morning? I thought only gentlemen went there."

Aunt Bettina heard, and lifted her hand in momentary petulance, as if the subject angered her.

"You must not ask me. Sara has her own secrets, and goes her own ways since your uncle's death. I am not allowed to know them."

Sara looked up to reply, perhaps to defend herself; but she remembered what was at stake and forced herself to silence. Better that the blame should lie upon her! She had caught a momentary glimpse of Mr. Oswald Cray: he was leaning against a table in the distance, his eyes fixed upon her, reading every change in her countenance; his own face stern and impassive.

What more would have been said or asked was interrupted by the entrance of another guest. A middle-sized man of thirty with reddish hair and whiskers, a free manner and voluble tongue. Mark started forward with a shout of welcome and introduced him to the strangers. It was Mr. Barker.

"I have brought up the grandest news, Cray," he exclaimed, in a state of excitement. "There's another lode found."

"No!" echoed Mark, his eyes sparkling. "Another lode?"

"Dutton came upon it yesterday afternoon after I wrote those few lines to you. By Jove, gentlemen"—throwing his looks round the room—"I am afraid to calculate what will be the riches of this mine! Mark, old fellow, I hope our success won't drive us into Bedlam—as the case has been with some millionaires."

Miss Bettina, who had contrived to hear, cleared her throat.

"It's a great deal more likely to drive you into the union, sir."

It was so unexpected a check to Mr. Barker's enthusiasm that he could only stare in amazement at Miss Bettina. He had never met her before.

"Never mind her," said Mark, in an undertone, "it's only old Bett. And she's as deaf as a post."

But Mr. Barker did mind.

"Why, ma'am," said he, going close to her, "what do you mean?"

"I can't forget a good old proverb that I learned in my young days, sir," was her answer: "one that I have seen exemplified times upon times in my course through life. 'He that would be rich in twelve months, is generally a beggar in six.' I know what good newly discovered mines bring, sir, however promising they may look."

Mr. Barker fairly turned his back upon her; he believed she must be little better than a lunatic; and gave his attention to Mark and the more sensible portion of the company.

"The people are up in arms down about there," he said. "Lots of them who wrote for shares in the new allotment have not succeeded in getting any, and I thought they'd have torn me to pieces. *I* can't help it. It's a clear impossibility that the whole world can go in for being rich. If luck falls on one, it doesn't fall on another."

Dr. Ford, to whom Mr. Barker had seemed to appeal, nodded his head.

"I hear great things of this mine, sir," said he.

"Great things!" repeated Mr. Barker, as if the words were not sufficiently expressive. "It is the very grandest thing that England has seen for many a day. The golden wealth of the Spanish Main is poor, compared to it."

"I'm sure I hope it will answer."

"You—hope—it—will—answer!" echod Mr. Barker, his red face going rather purple. "Why, sir, it *has* answered. It *is* answering. I could take my interest in it into the money market to-morrow, and sell it for half a million of money. Answer!"

Oswald Cray came nearer.

"When shall you begin to realize?" he inquired.

"In about six weeks from this."

"Six weeks! Really to realize?"

"We might get some loads off before if we chose, but we don't care to begin until the sales can go on uninterruptedly. The lead is coming up beautifully; vast quantities of it. You never saw such lead. It bangs all other in the locality into fits."

Mr. Barker in his joyous excitement was scarcely choice in his mode of speech. He was not particularly so at any time. He rubbed his hands—which looked as red as if they had been digging for ore—one against another.

"A fellow came up to the place—Lord Whathis-name's agent, and began handling the specimens. 'What sort of ore d'ye call this?' he asked. 'The best that ever was dug,' some of our men answered him. 'And so it is,' said he: 'we can't get such as this out of our pit.' No more they can: not an owner of 'em in all Wales."

"But you will not be selling freely in six weeks," returned Oswald. "It is impossible."

"Impossible, is it?" retorted Mr. Barker. "It would be in most cases, I grant you; it's not in ours. You go and look at the thousands of men on the works. The Great Chwddyn mine doesn't deal in impossibilities."

"Would you be so good as tell me what you call that word, sir?" asked the physician, putting his hand to his ear. "We can't get at the pronunciation of it at Hallingham."

"And we can't here," returned easy Mr. Barker. "One calls it one thing and one another. As to trying to speak it like the natives, nobody can. *We* call it the Great Wheal Bang up here. Not that it's at all appropriate or proper to do so, but one can't be breaking one's teeth over the other. You see—Holloa! what's this? For me?"

One of Mark's servant's had entered with a telegraphic dispatch. It was addressed to Mr. Barker.

"Your man has brought it round from Piccadilly, sir. He thought it might be of moment."

"Let's see. Where's it from?—Wales? Ay. Another lode discovered, I'll be bound!"

Mr. Barker carried the paper across the room, and opened it under the lights of a girandole. He stared at it, more than read it; stared at the words as if unable to understand them; and a curious expression of puzzled bewilderment, half wonder, half dismay, struggled to his face. Mark Cray had come to his side, all eagerness; and Oswald was watching them from the distance.

"*Is* it another lode, Barker?"

"Hush! There has been a slight irruption of water," whispered Barker, thrusting the paper into his pocket. "Good heavens! that would floor us at once."

Mark Cray's mouth dropped. He stared as helplessly at Mr. Barker as the latter had stared at the dispatch. The sight of his face awoke Mr. Barker's caution.

"For goodness sake, Cray, don't look like that! They'll see you and suspect something. *This* must be kept dark if possible. I daresay it's nothing. I'll go back again to-night."

He turned away with a beaming face to the company, laughing merrily, talking gaily. They might have well deemed that two fresh lodes had been discovered instead of one. Mark, not quite so quick in recovering his equanimity, stayed where he was before the girandole, looking in it in an absent sort of manner, and pushing his hair back mechanically. Perhaps this was the first time that even the *possibility* of failure had come close to Mark, face to face.

Barker was the first of the guests to retire, and Mark left the room with him. As the latter was returning to it he met his brother, who was also departing.

"Not going yet, Oswald! What a one you are! Afraid of being in the streets late, it's my belief. I say! when am I to have the thousand pounds?"

"My mind is not quite made up yet," was the answer, a rather unexpected one to Mark's ears. "Mark, did Barker get any bad news to-night?"

"Bad news!" repeated Mark, as if quite at a loss to know what could be meant.

"By that dispatch from Wales?"

"Not at all," returned Mr. Mark, volubly. "He had forgotten to leave some instructions behind him, so they telegraphed. What put your head upon bad news?"

"Barker's countenance as he read the dispatch. And yours also when you joined him. You both looked as though some great calamity had occurred."

Mark laughed blithely.

"Oswald, old fellow, you were always inclined to be fanciful. The mine is a glorious mine, and you'll be a blind booby if you don't secure some benefit in it. I'll answer for the safety of the investment with—with—my life," concluded Mark, speaking rather strongly in his loss for a smile. "Can't you rely upon me?"

Oh, Mark Cray! His protestations of the "safety" were excusable before, when he believed what he said: but they were not now. Since that ominous message arrived, his very heart had been quaking within him. In the few confidential words he had just exchanged with Barker on going out, the latter had said: "We must get all the money we can, for we shall want it. Water, no matter how slight the irruption, plays the very deuce with the costs of a mind." And Mark Cray, to avert, or help to avert, or to conceal the calamity, was quite ready to sacrifice his own good faith and the money of his brother. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMMON PLANTS THAT ARE POISONOUS.

One of the earliest flowers in gardens and shrubberies is the Mezereon, so well known for the luscious scent of its purple clusters of flowers, which cover its straight, rod-like branches before the leaves appear. Almost every part of the plant is acrid to the taste, and its bright scarlet blossoms, so beautiful to the eye and so like currants, are highly poisonous. Four or five will suffice to produce serious illness, and Dr. Thornton mentions that his little sister died in consequence of eating a small number only of these bright fruits. Surely this shrub ought not to be planted within reach of children. Another species of mezereon, known by the name of the spurge laurel, is frequent in woods and thickets. It is an evergreen shrub, two or three feet high, with leaves somewhat resembling those of the common laurel, and growing in circular rows round its stem. Its pale, yellowish-green flowers appear in March, and the berries, when ripe, are black, and, like those of the mezereon, are poisonous.

In May the poet's narcissus blooms; its pure white flower, with the small cup in the centre, tipped with crimson, is well known, and admired for its loveliness and sweet fragrance. It has, however, poisonous qualities; the bulbs producing sickness and irritation, and the scent of the flowers, delicious as it is, brings on a headache and a kind of stupor, if too much inhaled. This is the plant so celebrated by the ancient Greek writers; its name is derived from a Greek word signifying stupor or insensibility, doubtless with reference to the peculiar effects produced by its fragrance. There are several species of this plant—the daffodil and jonquil, among others—which have the same deleterious effects, though in less degree.

Very common under hedges and in woods is the well known arum, called by country people "lords and ladies," and cuckoo pint. This curious, unique-looking plant is too well known to need description. From the centre of the spotted shining leaves rises the curious club-shaped column, sometimes green, sometimes rich purple, around which are the seed vessels, which in the autumn enlarge and change to a brilliant red; these bright-colored berries, on a short thick stem, remaining alone, when the rest of the plant has died down. They are very poisonous, though the birds eat them readily. The leaves have in a few instances been eaten by children, producing the most distressing consequences; the tongue became swollen, and convulsions followed; in two cases death was the result. The root, which is about the size of a nutmeg, is highly acrid when taken out of the ground, but after being dried or subjected to the action of heat, it is good for food. In Portland Island, in Dorsetshire, where the plant grows in great plenty, the roots are collected by the peasantry, and both there and at Weymouth the powder or flour made from them is eaten, under the name of Portland sago. In times of famine it has been largely used as food by the poor people. The wise woman who first discovered its properties received a reward from the Society of Arts.

Another common and beautiful ornament of our hedges is the wild bryony, with its large vine-shaped leaves gracefully twining among the bushes, and its numerous long curling tendrils hanging upon every spray. This wild trailing plant is very elegant, and its brilliant red berries add to its attraction. They appear in autumn, and children should be cautioned against eating them, for they look tempting, but will cause sickness.*

Every one who wanders in woods and thickets knows the pretty little modest wood-sorrel, which grows especially around the trunks of decayed trees. One of our poets thus describes it:

"Now from the stumps, with bright green mosses clad,
Pluck the wood-sorrel, with its light green leaves
Heart-shaped, and triply folded; and its root
Creeping like beaded coral."

The agreeable acid flavor of the leaves of this plant has led to their use as a salad. But, however gratifying their taste may be to the palate, and though a small quantity may be innocuous, yet great caution should be observed in eating it, for it is a fact that, when taken in quantity, it produces serious illness. The juice of the plant is an acid, possessing deleterious properties, and is used to extract stains and ironmoulds.

We will speak next of the *Umbellifera*, or parsley tribe, a very remarkable and numerous group of plants. In Britain there are about sixty species, many of them supplying us with articles of food and medicine, but others possessing very baneful characteristics. The carrot and parsnip are two of the vegetables obtained from this tribe; and the celery, parsley, and fennel are well-known kitchen plants; while the carraway, and anise, and some others are used for relish and for medicine. Every one knows at a glance their peculiar vegetation; their long, hollow, furrowed stems, fern-like leaves, and tiny flowers, arrayed upon short foot-stalks, in the manner of an umbrella; there is a general resemblance among them all, and the wholesome and poisonous ones are the more likely to be confounded.

One of the most familiar is the fool's parsley, as it is called, a common weed, which, when rubbed, has a fetid, disagreeable smell, very different from that of the garden parsley, for which it has sometimes been mistaken. When in flower it may be easily distinguished by three small leaflets, placed on the outer part of the small umbel, slightly resembling a bird's claw. This plant, says one of our recent authors, has long had a bad name, but until 1845 no fatal case of poisoning by it seems to have been recorded. In the spring of that year a child five years old ate a few of the somewhat bulbous roots in mistake for young turnips. She was soon after seized with pain, followed by sickness. Death ensued within an hour from the time she had eaten the roots. An instance likewise happened in Germany a few years ago, in which the leaves were taken in soup, in place of parsley. In that case the patient died at the end of four-and-twenty hours. Many similar mistakes have occurred, producing more or less illness. Another of this tribe is the water hemlock, or cowbane, which grows in ditches and about the margins of rivers. It is a very fatal plant to horned cattle, if they chance to eat it when the leaves are quite young, as it grows among the water grasses, of which they are fond. The whole herb is poisonous, not only to brutes, but to the human frame, as it causes sudden inflammation in the stomach; and there have been a few instances in which children have suffered from eating the roots, taking them for parsnips.

Another nearly-allied species, perhaps the most poisonous of the whole tribe, is the water dropwort, which grows in watery places, and about the banks of rivers. It is a large plant, rising from two to five feet high, and, when not in flower, nearly resembles celery. Its roots bear also a great similarity, both in taste and appearance, to parsnips, and in consequence several accidents have occurred. Mr. Johnson, in his work on British poisonous plants, mentions that, some years back, a number of convicts working upon the river bank near Woolwich, found a quantity of roots of this plant. Struck by its resemblance to the well-known vegetables just mentioned, seventeen of them ate it. In a short time nine of the number went into convulsions, and became insensible. One died in five minutes, another in a quarter of an hour, a third in an hour, and a fourth a few minutes after. Two more expired a few days later. They seem to have eaten both leaves and root. This plant grows abundantly on the banks of the Thames, in the lower part of its course.

Several other plants belonging to this tribe, natives of this country, are considered poisonous, and all its species should be regarded with suspicion, but the most renowned of the whole is the hemlock, whose very name is a sound of fear. It is found on hedgebanks and the borders of fields all over the island, and though not in great abundance in the more southern counties, in the north of England is one of the commonest weeds. It may easily be known by its tall, smooth, glossy green stems, dotted with spots of brownish purple, usually attaining to a height of two or three feet. Its root, like most others of the *Umbelliferæ*, is tapering in shape, like a parsnip. Every part of the plant has a strong, unpleasant smell, which distinguishes it at once. Its poisonous nature has been known for a great length of time, but its valuable medicinal uses are of more recent discovery. It is doubtful whether this is the renowned hemlock of the ancients, which the Athenians used as a poisonous draught, to which they doomed their state criminals, and of which the illustrious Socrates drank. The probability seems that it is the same.

Several instances have occurred in which the leaves have been eaten by mistake for parsley, it is supposed from the seeds having been sown with those of the latter plant. It has also been taken in soup, in place of other culinary herbs. The effects upon the nervous system are terrible; insensibility and paralysis of the limbs preceding dissolution, which has sometimes followed within an hour or two after the poison has been taken. It should be always carefully rooted out of pasture land, as it is injurious to several of the domestic animals.

*The same effects are produced by the fruit of the well-known black bryony, that common plant in woods and hedges, with its heart-shaped leaves, twining stems, and scarlet berries.

☞ "I don't think," said a would-be literary Duke, "you can find a single Irish character in all the works of Shakspeare?" "Yes, you can," boldly ejaculated young Edmund, "for I can cite two—Miss O'Phelia, and Corry O'Lanus." The noble Duke instantly started for Manchester.—*Punch.*

☞ Many calumnies are injurious even after being refuted. Like the Spanish flies, they sting when alive and blister when dead.

☞ When you have spoken the word, it reigns over you; but while it is not yet spoken, you reign over it.

SEA-SHORE FANCIES.

I.

O pleasant waters, rippling on the sand,
Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,
Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
What snowy little feet at girlish play
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day?

II.

O waves, that foam around yon lonely rock,
Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,
Has not some ship, beneath the tempest's shock,
Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more?
Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway,
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day?

III.

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas,
Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,
Your spray is fragrance on the fragrant breeze
Borne from the spice-grove of those palmy isles
Where dusky maids make merriment alway—
Have you not laved their perfect forms to-day?

IV.

O tossing billows, come ye from afar
Where over ice-fields the Aurora beams,
Dimming the radiance of the Northern Star
That through the lengthened night of winter gleams
Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray?
Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day?

V.

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
Ye lave sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms,
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,
And chill it with the breath of icy storms;
Here on the shore we smile and weep and pray—
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day!

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM THE PAST.

Aurelia stood panting for breath, her eyes fascinated, as it were, by the glare of those unnaturally bright eyes so close to hers, as a bird is attracted, in spite of its cries and flutterings, by the deadly gaze of the expectant snake. We do not refuse our pity to the guiltiest wretch in that last terrible hour when the fetters are struck off, and the condemned one is slowly led to the place where gallows and hangman are waiting to strangle the life out of his miserable body. But Aurelia Darcy was in worse case than even the manslayer whom Society slays from out of the muster-roll of the living. She needed pity more. For her there was not even such hope of a late penitence as may visit the murderer's cell. She could not pray; her whole soul was one great fear; and the fear was of death and pain.

She had been stupified at first, but it was not in her nature to submit to more than a momentary suspension of thought. The dreary blank of mere animal terror vanished, and her intelligence revived, but brought no consolation along with it. The sentenced captive of old times, bowing her neck to the block, as the axe was lifted, had as much hope as she had, more hope perhaps; for kings sometimes relent. The lion now and then removes his paw from the palpitating victim, and lets it live. Would Edward Winslow let her live? She read no tidings of mercy in his eyes, shining forth so savagely from the deep hollows around them. He was very pale, wasted, worn by sleeplessness and privations, worn still more by care, but his strength was very far from being spent. She had felt how strong he was, when he whirled her back from the door like a feather. Her dainty robe had been torn in the short struggle, and his rude foot was pressed on a long rent fragment of the cobweb-like lace, as it trailed on the carpet. His face was full of expression, hate and a hideous joy predominating. His nerves were evidently strung to the fullest tension. But was he mad? Perhaps, if he were mad, there might be some chance for her—his mood might change. She had heard of such changes as have ere this saved the lives of the sane, sudden ebbs of the violent homicidal passion, when wild mirth or dejection abruptly claim lordship over the disordered brain.

If he were mad, too, she might conquer yet. Her own strong mind rallied all its force for the emergency; she could soothe him if he would but listen to her, and even if he would not hear a word, his fury might not hold out before her steady looks, if she betrayed no fear. And if he were not mad, could she not plead for her life, if he would let her speak, ay, plead so that not a man on earth could say her nay, were his wrongs never so hard to endure. Hastily she bethought her of tears, and kneeling, and uplifted hands, and sobs and cries—all the female armory that has done its work so well for countless ages. If he were not mad, and she escaped the first outburst of his wrath, why, surely, she would live, and not die. Disgrace might come, perhaps *must* come, but life was long, and her intellect had resources unknown even to itself. And even delay was something, for a chance of rescue might—

"Aurelia!" said the cause of all this doubt and dread, and his eyes watched her as a tiger watches the prey for whose life-blood he thirsts—"Aurelia Winslow, I have had this moment before me, sleeping and waking, very long. The nights were weary and dark, but I saw you always, always. And now the moment has come. Ah, do not think to speak, to turn me from my purpose by false words, for I will not hear you. That sweet treacherous voice, Aurelia Winslow, will never deceive any one again—never, never, never!"

He had seen that she strove to speak, and his bony fingers had tightened their clutch on the rounded white throat, so that to speak was impossible. Aurelia could just breathe, and that was all. To struggle, was to hasten the end; therefore she stood, passive, and her cold gray eyes, inscrutable and dauntless, looked upon him steadily. He turned his own restless eyes away, as if uneasy under that calm gaze, and his features worked painfully, while the face of the woman before him was now as rigid and composed as if it had been of pure marble. But his grasp was strong, and his voice was very distinct, though low, as he went on.

"I am come from my tomb, where you laid me, a living man, to be hidden away from the world. I have suffered much, Aurelia Winslow. The brute whom you made my jailer first of all, he who bound me, beat me, kept me down by stripes and hunger, told me in one of his drunken fits of boasting to whom I owed it all. It was to Aurelia—to my wife. And when first you flung me into that den of pain—I was not mad!"

He said the last words in a dreamy, dejected manner, and not violently; then he went on:—"Not mad. That came later. Wife, you have wrecked my reason, as you robbed me of my liberty. You are face to face now with a madman of your own creation. It gnawed, and gnawed, and the cord snapped at last, eaten through by the long torture. You have yourself to thank—only yourself."

There was a pause; and then the maniac, if maniac he were, spoke again: "I knew this was the day; I counted the hours as they crawled slowly by, and mocked me as I lay chained. I broke the chains; I broke from the prison; all the earth above my head could not keep me down. I shall be more merciful than you were; you shall not be thrust living into your grave."

He said nothing more for some moments, and then he forced her to turn towards the glass, and with the hand that had held her arm hitherto, he pointed to the reflection of the set colorless face, crowned by white orange-blooms and the veil of floating lace. He ground his teeth as he pointed to the mirror, and said scornfully: "Is that the face of a bride? The flowers and the veil are there, but the face is that of a false woman on whom punishment has fallen. They are waiting below for the bride to come down among them; she will come; never fear but she will come, but it will be in her coffin. I hear the horses trampling without; I saw the carriages from the place where I lurked, biding my time, a brave show! This is a finer wedding than ours, wife, in the dark chapel at Rathermines. But where are the black horses, and the tall plumes, and black velvet? Aurelia Winslow will need them when next she travels. Listen!"

The merry clang and clash of the wedding-bells came floating through the frosty air, and made that air tremble and quiver with the joyous sound. It was the most bitter mockery to the wretched woman whose espousals they announced, that even a madman's wild fancy could have devised, and it caused Aurelia a pang that not even the prospect of a violent death had done. Her lips, which had regained their natural red, blanched once more, and tears glistened in her eyes, but by a quick, impatient motion, she dashed them away.

"Listen! Do you not know what those are? They are the joy-bells of Holton church-tower ringing for a wedding—for the wedding of the heiress of the Hall to My Lord Lynn. But they do not know the bride's true name. It is not Aurelia Darcy; it is the name that she took when she swore, three years ago, in the chapel—"

He broke off quite abruptly, and said in a hissing whisper, close to her ear, as she tried to shrink from him:

"Do you know what I am going to do?"

And then there was a silence. She could see that his eyes flamed as he looked down upon her. She nerved herself for the worst.

"I am going to kill you."

She had known it, known it from the first; but it was terrible to hear it thus hissed into her ear, and she could not restrain herself from the imprudence of an effort to get freed from the fatal clutch; but the effort failed, for while the hand that held her arm seemed to bury its fingers in the soft flesh, the other hand tightened on her neck, while the madman sneered at her puny attempt to shake him off. Breath is strength, and Aurelia could scarcely breathe under that deadly yet calculated pressure, and she would have fallen but for the support afforded her by the wall, against which she had been roughly thrust. The necklace that she wore snapped in that last struggle, and the large pearls rolled scattering over the floor, where torn lappets and scraps of blond were strewed beneath the madman's feet. But Winslow's grasp relaxed a little, and he seemed to listen.

"Hark!" he said; "I hear the voices of your guests. They are getting impatient; they cannot guess why you are so tardy. Your fine bridegroom is there too, no doubt, looking for you. He does not know that you have another husband, who is come from the grave to claim you. The young lord must wait, wait. Are you not punished, Aurelia Winslow?—justly, justly paid the wages of your craft and your crime. You made me suffer long agonies; now it is my turn to command, and your rank and your money are straws in the scale. And to think that friends are so near—so near; to think that a word, a scream might bring help—might bring succor, safety, life, long life. Why do you not call to your friends, false one, when a shriek would insure all these?"

His face was writhed and distorted, and, with his grinning teeth and glaring eyes, he seemed more like some wild beast, wounded and desperate, than a man. He shook and trembled as he stood, like one who was in the first convulsions of epilepsy, and for a moment a hope sprang up in Aurelia's despairing heart. She had seen him long ago wallowing, prostrate, under an attack of the constitutional malady, which in his case simulated or produced madness, and should he succumb to a fit, even now she might escape. But though he shook like an ague-stricken wretch, Winslow did not fall—and bending forward, he whispered in Aurelia's ear:

"Listen! I love you still, in spite of hate and anger, in spite of the wreck that you have made of me, in spite of falsehood and cruelty. Wife, your existence is a living lie! Wife, you have doomed me to sorrow, and scourged my brain with scorpions till it sank beneath the sting and the smart; but I have never been able to pluck out from my heart my old love for your wicked self; and that is why I am going to kill you. You shall not belong to any other man; but if I had not loved you, I should have despised you too much to—"

The sentence was never completed. At that very moment the rustling and sounds of footsteps, that for some time had been faintly audible on the landing-place without, grew louder, and then came a gentle tapping at the locked door, not of the blue room, but of Aurelia's bedroom. There was a pause. The handle was turned fruitlessly; the knocking was repeated more loudly. Aurelia felt that this knocking was her death-warrant. The bony fingers that encircled her throat tightened their hold; the grim, haggard face close to her own mowed and grinned at her in mockery; and she tried to scream, tried to battle for her life, but no sound passed her gasping lips. A blood-red cloud seemed to pass before her darkening eyes, and Winslow seemed a fiery shape towering above her, and then there was a roaring in her ears, and the blood-red cloud before her enfeebled eyes turned to black night, and she sank down, while still the clutch tightened, pitiless, and still the maniac exulted, maintaining his fierce grasp long after sight and sound and sensation were over for Aurelia Darcy.

The tapping at the door of the bedchamber ceased; but there was a half-subdued murmur of voices, that gradually swelled into a shrill chorus of alarm and wonder. Then the voices and the footsteps seemed to retire, and all was silence except the noise which the horses feet made as they tossed their heads and champed the bit, pawing at the gravel of the drive.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BAD NEWS.

The surgeon rode fast. His main hope had been to arrive at Hollingsley Court in time to tell his errand before Lord Lynn should leave home. Failing this, he might still hope to meet him on the way; but there was another road to Holton, not much longer, and supposed to make up in smoothness for its greater length, and Mr. Killick had some apprehension lest Aurelia's bridegroom elect should have chosen this other route. He looked at his watch from time to time, and pushed on, whip and spur. Once, however, in spite of his hurry, he felt in a manner constrained to stop and breathe his horse for a moment. At a point about equidistant between Beechborough and Hollingsley, a chaise-cart, in which sat two men in blue uniforms, was drawn up beside a gate, while in the adjoining field were several policemen with their staves drawn, accompanied by a number of farming-men armed with cudgels and hedge-stakes, and proceeding to advance in irregular order towards a wood that skirted the field.

"Why, Martin, what's all this?" asked the surgeon, recognizing the taller of the two men in the chaise-cart, who wore a braided coat, and was indeed that very Superintendent Martin with whose name Game Dick had made free.

Mr. Martin touched his hard hat to the doctor. "Only a caption, sir, but there's a large reward in the case. We got information that the party that fired at Miss Darcy was not drowned, but hiding hereabouts. The shepherd here saw a suspicious wild-looking chap with bare feet, and a handkerchief tied round his head instead of a cap, eating the raw turnips stored up for the sheep. He ran back into the wood, and the shepherd brought us word. So we are going to beat the wood, and catch him if we can. It was just after daybreak when he was seen, and he's had a start, I'm afraid; but we'll nab him presently. Hilloa! men, go quietly, will you, with no shouting and nonsense, and search the plantations one by one," cried the head of the police, getting out of his chaise-cart, and scrambling over the locked gate. The doctor rode on; his horse was muddy and spent when he dashed up to the grand Italian portico of Hollingsley Court, just in time to jump from the saddle, and catch Lord Lynn by the arm as he stepped into his carriage.

"Beg pardon, my lord; I have something to say—something you *must* hear, and I've ridden hard to say it," said the surgeon, looking ruefully at the heaving flanks and trembling legs of his poor nag.

Now Lord Lynn knew Mr. Killick, from having seen him when he attended Kitty Mainwaring after her accident on the day of the cub-hunt; but he was utterly unable to guess what possible concern of his that might be respecting which the country doctor was so anxious. He was perfectly affable by nature and habit, and under ordinary circumstances Mr. Killick would have been certain of a kind reception and patient hearing; but he was behind time already, so he feared, and was eager to get to Beechborough, and there was some irritation in his voice as he made answer: "You must excuse me. I cannot spare even a few minutes to-day, whatever the business in question may be. Perhaps you will oblige me by writing, or will speak to my agent; I really cannot delay at present." And Lord Lynn tried to pass the surgeon, but the latter stood his ground resolutely.

"I want to do a painful duty as gently as I can manage it, but I'm not to be put off," said Mr. Killick. "What I have to say relates to Miss Darcy—to the lady to whom you are about to be married. It will prove—"

"Hush, sir!" exclaimed Lord Lynn, who observed that the servants about the door were listening with greedy ears to what the doctor said; "we will go into the house." And they went in.

When they were alone together in the breakfast-room, the door of which the young nobleman had hastily torn open, Mr. Killick saw how pale and panic-struck the owner of Hollingsley had suddenly become, and he felt some touch of compassion mingle with his dogged resolve to do what was honest. He guessed the bridegroom's thoughts. "No, no; you quite mistake me. I am a messenger of evil, but not of such as you think. She is not ill; to the best of my belief, no harm has befallen her."

Lord Lynn drew a deep breath, and the blood came back to his cheeks again, but there was something in the doctor's manner that impressed him, do what he would. "If Miss Darcy be in good health, as you assure me, why, then"—he began, but was bluntly interrupted.

"Look here, my lord," said the bluff doctor; "you and I are strangers, and we don't occupy the same rank in life, and you may think that we can have nothing in common, except professionally. You are wrong; I have come here at a thundering pace, risking my neck and foundering my nag, I believe, on purpose to do you a service; not for your lordship's sake, mind you, but because I should have been a rogue if I had held my peace. You have heard, my lord, of my niece, Lydia Crawse?"

"Yes; I think so. I am sure I remember the name," said Lord Lynn, nervously examining his watch, and half maddened by the delay. The surgeon continued: "She and Miss Darcy were friends once—more than friends; they were accomplices—"

"Sir, if you dare," the young man broke out, in a flush of anger and indignation, and advancing a step nearer to the sturdy surgeon, who coolly rejoined: "If I dare to say a word against the lady whom your lordship has asked to be your wife, without having proofs to back my words, I give you leave to cut my tongue out. I have come from the bedside of my dead niece, bringing with me papers which it will be well that you should read before you go to church to marry such a—— Look at that first."

Lord Lynn took the piece of folded paper that Mr. Killick held out to him, and unfolded it with hands that shook strangely with wrath and vague terror. He tried to read, but the characters seemed to dazzle him, and he groaned as he gave the paper back and dropped into a chair. "I cannot read it," he said; "the room seems to swim. Doctor, I beg you will—will"——

"That I will read it? It goes against me, but I cannot refuse," said Mr. Killick, who was gradually getting agitated too, but he forced his voice to be firm. "This is a certificate of a marriage, solemnized according to the rites of the Holy Catholic church—Rome they mean by that—in the chapel of Rathermines, on August the fourteenth, 1856, between—— Can you bear it my lord?" (For Lord Lynn had buried his face in his hands, and sat suffering tortures, evidently, at every word. He uttered no sound, but his nod of assent encouraged the surgeon to proceed.) "Between Edward Winslow and Aurelia Darcy, both holding the Catholic faith. It is in proper form, witnessed, dated, and signed by the officiating priest—the rascal's name was Hagan. The certificate alone, my lord, would not be enough to convince you; but this narrative, or confession, if you please—in the handwriting of my poor niece, and the writing of which cost the poor wench her life—will tell you"——

"Give it me!" broke in Lord Lynn, snatching it rather than taking it from the doctor's hand, and bending over the manuscript. Then, as suddenly, he started to his feet, and fixed his eyes with suspicion and dislike upon the bearer of the bad news. "How do I know that this is not a vile plot, after all, in which you and your niece and others have conspired to ruin an innocent lady! But yesterday, if any man had told me that Aurelia Darcy's honor was not as spotless as truth itself— Beware, Mr. Killick, if you are deceiving me now."

And Lord Lynn confronted the supposed traducer with such a look and gesture of rage as almost made the surgeon quail, stout-hearted as he was. He replied, however, in a manner that was not without dignity:

"I can excuse whatever words fall from you in your present agitation. Read what lies before you. Remember the writing, like the certificate, comes to you from a dead woman, once the friend of Miss Darcy. Read first, and judge afterwards."

And Lord Lynn did read the narrative in which Miss Crawse had set down the first portion of that chain of events which had terminated so fatally to herself and others. He read slowly, for his eyes grew dim and bewildered, and when he came to the end, he rose, and mechanically refolded the thick mass of papers, staggering the while like a man who has received a death wound. Presently he spoke in a low, broken voice:

"She is dead, then, the writer of this?"

"She died three hours ago. Her limbs are hardly cold, poor wretched thing; and my first act, as you see, has been to tell what must blacken her memory. But I should have been a rogue else, though she was sister's child to my dear wife, and the shame and grief must be on us all."

"Thank you, sir. Forgive my injustice to you. I feel that you have done right. The proofs are too complete. But I loved her—loved her so dearly!" and the great sob of agony seemed almost to tear the young man's breast, as his voice broke down utterly and scalding tears sprang to his eyes as he turned his head away. He had faced death and wounds gaily, and as in sport, many a time, but never had the reality of suffering wrung his gallant heart as it did now. The stout old surgeon turned his head away, respecting the sorrow of which he had been the reluctant cause. There was a long pause, during which no word was said. Mr. Killick looked resolutely out of the window—the window that looked on the rose-garden, not that which faced the portico where the travelling-carriage, with its imperials stood packed and ready, and the postilions, with white rosettes in honor of their lord's marriage, sat in their saddles waiting. After about twenty minutes had gone by thus, Lord Lynn put down the hands that hid his face. There were glistening traces of tears on his bold manly face bronzed by hotter suns than England knows. His lips were quite white and compressed, and the veins on his forehead stood out like knotted cordage. Across that forehead was a scar made by a Russian officer's sword at Inkermann. It was generally a mere faint line, but now it was blue and clear, a long livid cicatrice, pale, amidst the rush of dark blood to the soldier's brow. The voice in which he spoke was very calm and stern.

"No one ought to be condemned as guilty, unheard, and, least of all, the girl whom a man loves more than his life—as I love her. There may be something—something to extenuate. We must go to Beechborough, Mr. Killick, you and I."

"You will—will not make any scene?" said the surgeon, wavering. He had an Englishman's horror of anything dramatic and public.

"Scene!" Lord Lynn said no more, but in less than two minutes Mr. Killick sat by his side in the carriage, and the order was given—"Drive for your lives—fast!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR.

The company at Beechborough had grown sick and weary of waiting; they could not tell what to make of the strange delay, of the stranger non-appearance of either bride or bridegroom; and they grew gradually louder and less restrained in their comments on this singular forgetfulness.

"A runaway affair, after all: off to Gretna, eh? stolen fruit is sweetest—eh? Mrs. Blythe; eh? Gillies!" cried old Sir Joseph, shaking his purple cheeks with laughter, in which many joined. There were others, however, who, with a vulture's instinct, snuffled misfortune afar off, and tingled with a secret pleasure at the idea that *something* contrary to the regular order of things must have occurred. Some of the old maids present felt quite young again at the prospect of something delightful and shocking, to account for the absence of the chief performers. There were others, of a more practical turn, who contented themselves with cross-examining the maids, and especially Jennings, for Mademoiselle's Parisian shrugs and arched eyebrows rather repulsed them. But Jennings and the housekeeper could only say that they had been up twice, and had knocked at Miss Darcy's door without eliciting any response. That was all they knew. There was nothing to be seen through the keyhole, either of the blue room or of the bedchamber, for the key was in the lock, and turned downwards. Not a matron of the party could elicit more than that from the frightened abigails, save only confused fears that their young mistress might be ill. Meanwhile, Mr. Darcy, puzzled, but not alarmed, went about among his guests, cracking feeble jokes, and disagreeing with the opinions of persons whom it was safe to snub, but every moment peering out of the corner of his eye for the first glimpse of Aurelia.

"Here he is—here he comes!" cried several eager voices at once, as a cloud of dust came rolling down the road, accompanying a travelling-carriage drawn by four galloping horses. On it came like a simoom.

"Something like a pace! My lord knocks his horseflesh about as if his purse was a long one," remarked a shrewd old squire to the Honorable and Reverend Cyril Darcy, uncle to the bride; and indeed the panting horses, smoking with heat, and lathered with foam, were in pitiable case. But the horses were forgotten when Lord Lynn, with his brow dark with anger, flushed and breathless, came striding rapidly into the room, seeming rather to drag Mr. Killick after him, than to lean on the surgeon's arm. His eyes roved round the room in an instant. What they sought, was not there.

"Where is—where is Miss Darcy?" he said, and he did his best to speak calmly and in a common-place tone; but we conventional folks of the nineteenth century are quick to detect a tone that deviates by even the slightest inflection from the appropriate one; accordingly, people looked at each other; there was a hum of astonished comment; everybody glanced at Lord Lynn, and then at Mr. Darcy, who came up with extended hand, much oppressed by the weight of his new character of father-in-law, but still dimly conscious that something was wrong. Lord Lynn, so strong, and all-compelling is custom, took the offered hand, and found himself replying in common-place words to the common-place greeting of Mr. Darcy. If an Englishman were on his way to the scaffold I believe he would still accept the proffered hand-shake of a friend, and answer the inquiry after his health with a muttered "How are you?" But this deference paid to habit, Lord Lynn let George Darcy's hand fall out of his own hand, which was as hot as coal with the fever of his mental pain, and repeated the question: "Where is Miss Darcy?"

"I don't know. O, yes; up stairs, of course; not dressed yet. Somebody said so. Nothing wrong with—with yourself, Hastings, my boy?" said Mr. Darcy, trying to turn it off with a laugh; while Sir Joseph, still rubbing his fleshy hands together, drew near, the very type of genial stupidity, and said something about young ladies being privileged on such occasions, and about modern feminine dress in general, and then chuckled with harmless merriment.

"I wish to speak to her for one moment; pray manage it for me, Mr. Darcy," said Lord Lynn, trying to draw the owner of the Hall aside. But there is something contagious in excitement; and the sight of Mr. Killick, splashed and muddy and unshaven, and of the agitation which the bridegroom could not wholly conceal, coupled with Aurelia's absence, was more than the company could endure in silence. A hubbub of voices arose, some wondering what could possibly have occurred to detain the bride so long from the expectant assemblage; others regretting the impossibility of reaching Holton church before twelve o'clock, even if the carriages were to be driven at full gallop; and several ominously protesting their hopes that nothing frightful had happened, or would happen, to cloud the mirth of the wedding-day. Unheeding this babble of talk, Lord Lynn and the ready-witted surgeon went out into the hall, now full of servants whispering and shaking their heads, and interrogated the women who had twice applied in vain for admittance into the room where they had left Aurelia in the splendor of her bridal finery. They could say nothing but what they had said, except that the door was locked, and that the door of the blue room was locked too.

"Pooh! nonsense; I'll go myself. Nobody will do anything unless I take the trouble myself," blustered out Mr. Darcy, more frightened than he cared to own, and beginning to ascend the stairs. Twenty volunteers pressed forward directly, and mounted the stairs at their entertainer's heels, servants and guests mingled oddly together, a common impulse of curiosity magnetising all alike. The drawing-rooms began to be deserted, and the company poured out into the hall, talking eagerly, while a little lady-like scream here and there called attention to the delicacy of some one's nerves. The discipline of social rule was for the time relaxed. Something *must* be the matter.

"Keep back, pray, keep back, my lord. I pray that what I fear may not have come to pass, but do not you go up the first!" And the surgeon, with a grave, almost a solemn face, held Lord Lynn back as he hurried after the rest. The bridegroom elect turned angrily round, but there was a serious pity in Mr. Killick's look that made his frown relax, as he whispered low: "What do you fear?" The surgeon's answer was guardedly spoken: "I fear—no use mincing matters—I fear the poor, misguided girl may—"

The sentence was not ended, except by a glance, and that glance told Lord Lynn that Mr. Killick's dread was lest Aurelia, in some fit of terror or remorseful despair, should have destroyed herself. The guardsman turned pale and red by turns, and hesitated. Up stairs, the voice of Mr. Darcy, calling aloud upon his daughter's name, and almost sobbing as he entreated her to answer him, was heard above the murmur of the crowd. The same idea that had entered the mind of Mr. Killick had suggested itself to other minds; that of the honest Squire of Stoke had been one of those to whom that terrible fancy had occurred; and as Lord Lynn, after a moment's pause, shook off the surgeon's restraining hand, he found Mr. Mainwaring's arm passed kindly through his own.

"Let some one else go in first. Take my advice, pray, do," said the Squire; while, as Lord Lynn shook himself free from that friendly hold, a smaller and softer hand was lightly laid on his arm, and he started and saw Lucy's sad eyes looking up at him, beaming with unselfish pity and alarm. The pretty face was very grave and pale.

"Cousin—Hastings; stay, stay here. Do not go up. Pray, pray, spare yourself the sight, if—if"——

"Keep back, Lynn, for the love of Heaven!" cried one of the guests, who had known the bridegroom from his childhood, and whose jovial voice was strangely harsh—it was the master of the hounds—as he bent over the oaken balustrade of the landing-place. "Don't let him come up, gentlemen, I beg you all. We shall soon know all about it. They are gone for a crowbar to open the door with."

Lord Lynn sprang forward, casting off the hands that tried to hold him back.

"Stand back if you please. Let me pass. It is my place, my right, to know the first what has befallen her who—— Don't treat me like a child or a madman, sir; let me force the door." And he made his way through the crowd, and soon reached the door of Aurelia's bedchamber, before which George Darcy knelt, weeping, and calling in piteous accents on his child, his dar-

ling, to come forth and cease to frighten her poor old father. The owner of Beechborough was quite unmanned by his alarm, and the whispers he had caught here and there had half distracted him. Lord Lynn recoiled a step, and threw himself against the door with a force that made it quiver and groan under the stroke. Again, and again, before any one had even time to remonstrate, he hurled himself, recklessly, and with impatient fury, against the door; and at last the strong patent lock and seasoned wood began to give way. He heard the crackling of the splitting panels, and tore at them till his hands were scratched and bleeding, then set his shoulder to the door, and with one violent effort hurled it, shattered and rent away from its fastenings, from hinge and lock alike, into the room. Then he sprang in. The room was empty. The crowd flowed in after him. Some one noticed that the door that communicated with the dark passage and the back stairs was gaping wide open, and a cry was instantly raised that Miss Darcy must have gone that way. Another of the seekers mentioned the blue room. The door between that and the bedchamber was shut, but not locked. Lord Lynn tore it open. A shriek followed, wrung from many hearts, as the sight within was disclosed to view.

There, on the floor, bestrewed with torn scraps of lace, and jewels, and blossoms from the crushed bridal-wreath, lay the bride—Aurelia—dead. Dead, with her white face upturned, her hair loose, and the pearls and the sweet maiden coronal of orange-blooms still encircling her nobly-shaped head, while the long transparent white wedding-veil, ragged and disordered, streamed upon the ground. But that she was dead was but too evident. There was an expression of pain and distress, indelibly stamped, as it would seem, on that awful rigid face, an expression that could not rob it of its beauty, but that seemed to throw a lurid light upon that cold, statuesque perfection of outline. The eyes were open; the lips were slightly parted; the glorious white arms were thrust out to their fullest stretch; and the small shapely hands were contracted and clenched, as if in the act of pushing away some irresistible adversary. The embroidered robe had been torn and trampled, and one shoulder, smooth and spotless as ivory, was visible through the dishevelled hair that hung about it. It was badly bruised, and so was the arm that belonged to it, and from which the bracelet had fallen, and lay broken on the floor. Two men threw themselves on their knees beside that insensible form—father and lover—Mr. Darcy and Lord Lynn. The former of these sobbed and wailed like a woman, now kissing his daughter's cold cheek, and adjuring her to speak, to live, not to leave him desolate in his forlorn old age; now querulously urging the surgeon, who had also knelt beside the corpse, to lend some aid.

"It is a fit, a swoon; she is ill, or has fallen and hurt herself; but she is not—I can't bear to say it, doctor—but give me comfort. O my lamb, my only child, and this her wedding day! She ought to be so happy to-day! Speak, some one! Tell me she is alive. Doctor, I'll give you anything—a thousand, ten thousand pounds, if you'll save her!"

So the poor old man maundered on, ten years older in his wrinkled tear-stained face than the George Darcy whom his hanger-on knew and managed. Some men get to be old very much earlier than others; he was such a man. Never really young, he hovered on the verge of senility, and the first strong gust of grief was too much for him, and set him driveling and whining, poor honest George. Lord Lynn, he who was to have married her, took up Aurelia's head, reverently and fondly, as he kissed her cold lips, and hot tears trickled down from his eyes, soldier as he was, and fell like rain on the dear dead face.

"She was driven to this," he said, forgetting the many ears that were ready to drink in his words, any one's words; "she was driven to do what she did. But who—who—"

Mr. Killick answered from where he bent over the corpse: "No, no. This is no suicide. Murder. For goodness' sake, get those women away."

For there were as many women as men in that fatal chamber, and screams, and faintings, and passionate cries, began to prevail; while the real mourners, those that had loved Aurelia, knelt pale and silent beside her. "Murder." The word had a terrible echo. It ran like wild-fire down the corridor, through the throng packed on the broad oaken stairs, through the denser mass of human beings that swarmed in the hall, and so out to the motley crowd in the yard, and "Murder" was muttered by every stable-helper and weeding-boy and dairy-wench, and so the rumor spread fast and far over all the country. Mr. Killick sprang up, and cleared the room. Doctors are used to exercise authority in critical moments, and the ex-naval surgeon had dealt with rougher units of humanity than the Beechborough guests and servants. Soon none were left except the doctor, Lord Lynn, poor Mr. Darcy, and two women, one of whom was the housekeeper. The surgeon was himself very much shocked. He had seen another death that very day, and that death was linked with Aurelia's in his mind. But his professional strength of nerve supported him where the others failed. He pointed to Aurelia's neck, where a livid streak marred the delicate purity of the skin, white as alabaster.

"See! the marks of the murderer's fingers. They are frightfully distinct. Some one who gained access— But nothing is stolen—here are pearls and brilliants lying on the floor, untouched. This is not a robber's work; it is more like what a madman—"

And then Mr. Killick stopped, for the father of the dead girl, his weak nature stirred to its depths by anguish, was almost sublime in his sorrow. He had pushed away Lord Lynn; he had taken the heavy helpless head and laid it on his breast, and he was weeping, as he caressed the wan cheek, and talked on, fondly pleading that his child would come back to his love. For the time, George Darcy was not a reasonable being. Even Lord Lynn, himself fearfully agitated, knew that, and bowed before a sorrow greater than his own. After one or two vain attempts to soothe the grief of the poor old man, the guardsman turned to the surgeon:

"Murdered! but by whom? He who fired at her—that man—but he is dead."

Mr. Killick shook his head. He remembered the man-hunt which he had seen in progress that morning.

"It seems a judgment," he murmured. "But, poor lady, the worst has happened, and she is in better hands—ay, and more merciful than ours, blind buzzards that we are. I believe that—that person is alive. The police were chasing him early to-day. He will prove to be the author of this foul work."

And the search seemed to prove the truth of the surgeon's conjecture. That Aurelia had been strangled admitted of no doubt—the purple dints of the murderer's cruel gripe appeared with damning plainness on the white throat. It was clear, too, that this was the deed of no robber. Pearls and diamonds lay scattered on the floor of the blue room. On the left arm of the bride's corpse was a pearl bracelet, and the rings she wore were untouched. The jewel-case on her dressing-table contained more than four thousand pounds' worth of gems, including the diamonds that had belonged to her mother, Lady Maud. There was money, gold and notes in a portmonnaie on a tray full of glittering gewgaws, but nothing had been disturbed. Manifestly no ruffian had committed this crime for the sake of gain. Vengeance or madness could alone have been the incentives to such an act. No doubt existed as to the means by which the assassin had gained ingress to the bride's room; the door leading to the back stairs was open; a fragment of ribbon, evidently torn from the delicate wedding-dress, was found there; and the door of the lumber-room, in which the villain had probably lurked till a favorable moment should arrive, and the door giving access to the house from the disused stone stair on the outside, were both ajar. The latter door had been forced open, and the rotten wood had given way, the stiff bolt of the useless lock having been driven in, staple and all. In the garden, all trace ceased.

There was a great outcry and turmoil in and around Beechborough Hall that day. Horses were hastily saddled, some from a vague idea that some of the gentlemen might want them, others that grooms might race off, unbidden, to the police, to the coroner, to such of the magistrates as were not guests at the Hall. The carriages, long kept waiting, gradually carried off the company to their own homes. Excitement, sorrow, sympathy with the woe of others, were prevalent among the guests, and many women were hysterical or pale and faint, lying back in a corner of their broughams and chariots, while their husbands and brothers were more monosyllabic than before. The splendid breakfast stood untasted. The flowers bloomed with no one to praise them. The musicians huddled away their malapropos instruments, and went away. There was much eating and drinking under the ill-omened roof of Beechborough that day, but it was entirely in the servants' hall, where a sort of funeral-feast went grimly on. For the rest, the speeches were not made, the banquet was neglected, the sparkling wine left in its ice-pails unheeded; and for a long time the merry wedding-bells sent their joyful cadence pealing from Holton Church tower over hill and dale, and through every nook and corner of the Squire's house. The women who straightened Aurelia Darcy's limbs, and laid her on her bed, and closed her dead eyes, and covered her poor pallid beauty from human sight, heard the festive clangor of the bells come floating into the chamber of death, and they shuddered and stopped their ears, for even to their dull perceptions the mockery was a hideous one.

It was with difficulty that Mr. Darcy was removed to his own apartments, under the care of Dr. Gillies, who had taken his old patient under his especial charge. Mr. Killick, along with Lord Lynn and several gentlemen, had started on horseback in pursuit of the murderer. True, the latter had left no trace of the direction of his flight, but this time his escape appeared impossible. East, west, north, and south, the horsemen rode at full speed, beating the thickets, leaving no farm or cottage unvisited, and urging every man from the hamlets and lonely homesteads, for the inducement of a large reward, to leave work and home, and hunt the murderer down. The whole countryside was roused. Before the sun was low in the heavens on that winter's day, there were two hundred men, on foot or on horseback, ranging the woods and searching the fields, and word had been sent to every town, and telegraphed along every line of railway.

"Mad or not mad, we must surely lay hands on him before night," said Mr. Killick, as the chaise went on.

But Lord Lynn, though the keenest in impelling others to join in the search, turned his horse's head, and rode sadly back to Beechborough.

"I dare not trust myself," he said in the surgeon's ear; "I should kill him if we met. And he has suffered sorely, poor wretch. Heaven forgive him!" (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Fishing Extraordinary.

A Providence paper describes a singular spectacle which was presented near that city, in Little river, a few mornings ago:

A most singular spectacle was presented at Little river, just above Daniels' dam, this morning. The river was full of suckers, slowly swimming, just on the surface of the water, poking their noses out, and (apparently) panting as though they were troubled for breath. Many of them were floating, dead. On the shore, on the Park side, were crowds of men, women and children—especially children—catching them in scoop-nets, in coal-sieves, in baskets tied to the end of poles, in wash-basins, and occasionally in the hands of some active youngster. In some places, a rod from shore, just out of the reach of the nets and baskets, the water was fairly black with the fish. They were discovered at daylight, and bushels of them were caught. Old gray-headed women were dipping for them with clothes-baskets; fathers of families were fishing with their coal or market baskets at the end of stout poles; enterprising youngsters waded in and scooped them out in hand-basins; and swarms of children, with almost as little clothing as the angels, were there, to watch the fun and help carry home the plunder. The cause of the phenomena seems to be a mystery. One story was that a large quantity of acid had been thrown into the river; another story was that "a lot of stuff" from the brewery at the foot of Trumbull street had been emptied into the river, and the fishes were "tight;" still another, which sounded plausible, that it was owing to a peculiar fermentation of the water, which is none of the purest at this point, and, just now, has little or no current. Running down the river towards its mouth, they were stopped by a dam. One man says he witnessed the same phenomenon sixteen years ago at the same place. The fish caught were generally of a good size, and, when caught, appeared to be as lively and sound as any fish. Some specimens were twelve or fourteen inches in length.

☞ General Scott refers to it as "a striking fact that three ex-Vice Presidents, Aaron Burr, John C. Calhoun and John C. Breckinridge, became, each in his day, a leader in treason."

A Sad History.

A sad death occurred at Lanesboro, Mass., last week. It reveals a most sad and mysterious previous history. The Pittsfield Eagle furnishes us the following particulars:—

"Some days ago a boy apparently about sixteen years old applied to Mr. Pettee, agent of the Briggs Iron Works, for work. Mr. Pettee declined, as all the work he had to give—wheeling and shovelling ore "on the bank" at the furnace—was too hard for a person so frail as the boy, who gave his name as Henry E. Goodwin, appeared to be. Henry, however, returned, and pleaded so hard that work was given him, and Mr. Pettee became much interested in his story, which was that he was left an orphan at the age of twelve, and had since supported himself, and was working his way, preparing for college. His superior intelligence, modesty, and freedom from profanity and coarseness, and his great industry, all conspired to win the favor of his employers, who spoke of it to several gentlemen of the village, who also became interested in his appearance. On Friday he was ill, and after lying down a short time in the office of the iron works went home to his boarding-house, where he lingered until Tuesday last, when he died. After his death, the physician in attendance made an examination of the body, and discovered that his patient was a woman. While living the patient objected to any examination being made of her stomach, her disease being a bowel complaint. From letters found among her effects she appears to have been the wife of Leeman Underhill, a soldier or officer in Battery D, 1st Wisconsin Heavy Artillery, lately stationed at Fort Jackson, near New Orleans. The letters are addressed 'Dear Julia and children.' The first ones speak of having sent her money, with some doubt in one case whether it was honestly delivered. The late ones speak of want, not having been paid, sickness, &c., and, at least, intimate a request for more money.

"She sent money away at two different times, at least—probably to her husband, and perhaps to her children—and there seems little doubt that she assumed her disguise in order to procure more remunerative pay, and died from over-exertion for those she loved. Her conduct appears throughout to have been beyond reproach. A fine bowie-knife, ground very sharp, was found among her effects, and was, doubtless, intended for defence against insult. From passages in the letters we infer that she may have been a native of Maine, and removed to Wisconsin."

Skirmishing Without Firing a Shot.

Strange as it may appear to military men and critics, there is a brigade of veterans in Davis's Division of the 14th Corps that not only skirmish with, but actually drive the rebels, without firing a shot.

In passing through Calhoun, General Thomas found the enemy in strong force in his front, and a brigade being in the advance, were directed to drive the enemy, even though a general engagement should ensue, as Sherman and Thomas were determined on establishing their headquarters in town that night.

The firing was rapid, continuous and terrific, and word was sent back that the enemy was in too heavy force to be driven.

"It can be but a strong rear guard at least," remarked Gen. Sherman to Gen. Thomas.

"That's all," said Thomas.

"General," said Thomas to Sherman, "there is entirely too much ammunition wasted by our armies."

"Entirely too much, entirely too much," added our strategic chief.

"There is a brigade in my army which skirmishes without firing a shot," said Thomas.

"Which is that?" inquired Sherman.

"Old Morgan's Brigade, of the 14th Corps."

"Order it up and get rid of this useless rattle."

The First Brigade was soon up, deployed, and by their heroic bearing and steady, unfaltering advance, the rebels were driven from their position, and no more ammunition was wasted on our side that night.

This Brigade consists, we believe, of the 10th, 18th and 60th Illinois, and 10th and 14th Michigan Infantry Regiments.

SKULL OF CONFUCIUS.—The skull of Confucius, which many of our readers will recollect as one of the most attractive objects in the Chinese Court of the Exhibition, and which was part of the loot of Fane's cavalry from the Summer Palace of the Emperor of China, was lately sold by auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, amongst some other articles of art collected by the late Lord Elgin in China and Japan. The skull itself, lined with pure gold, is placed on a triangular stand of the same metal, and rests on three very roughly-shaped gold heads. The cover, richly ornamented, is also of pure gold, and studded with precious stones. Whether the skull be that of Confucius or not, it is evidently a sacred relic, and not a drinking-cup, as has been surmised. It was bought by Mr. Benjamin, of Glasshouse street, for £327. It is said to be of an average size—a statement we make for the benefit of our phrenological friends.—*London paper.*

☞ BY CONTEXT.—There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble he only wanted a ball; when he had a ball he only wanted a top; when he had a top he only wanted a kite; and when he had a marble, ball, top and kite, he was not happy. There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money he only wanted a house; when he had a house he only wanted land; when he had land he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land and coach, he wanted more than ever. Be content with little, for much will have more all the world over.

☞ The coolest robbery committed by the rebel raiders in Maryland was of a travelling ice cream manufactory about fourteen miles from Baltimore, where a small body of cavalry devoured one hundred gallons of that seasonable article without waiting for spoons.

☞ The ladies staying at the Heath House, Schooley's Mountain, are employing a part of their present leisure picking blackberries, which are just now in great luxuriance over many of the northern states, and making them up into syrup for the soldiers.

☞ The widow of ex-President John Tyler writes the Herald from her present residence on Staten Island, that a daughter of the late ex-P. has *not* married a private in the Union army. Mrs. T. is right. It is a niece, and not a daughter. It does not follow that because Mr. Hick is a private, that he is not a fair match for Miss Tyler. Some of the finest and best connected young men in the country are in the ranks.

Buying Beef.

Happening at a butcher's stall, a customer came in to make a purchase.

"What do you ask for a good baking piece of beef?" he asked.

"Thirty-eight cents a pound," was the reply.

"Cut me off eleven pounds," said the customer. "I'll come in shortly and settle for it!" and he went out on an errand.

After the beef was weighed and "trimmed," I said to my friend, the provision dealer,

"I wish to know, just from the curiosity of the thing, how much that piece of meat has lost in trimming?"

"Very well," replied he, weighing it; "there are nine pounds and a half left."

"And eleven pounds," I added, "at thirty-eight cents a pound, equal to four dollars and eighteen cents. This divided by nine and a half, makes just forty-four cents per pound. Rather a tall price for beef, particularly when a large share is bone."

"The man is a fool for buying it," replied the butcher, laughing; "but, no matter what the cost is, some people will buy; and, generally, they are not the richest in the place either!"

I thought of a certain little woman, the light of my cottage home, who manages very differently in marketing.

In the matter of beef, for instance, now that prices are so exorbitant, she purchases that which is suitable for stuffing, which can be obtained clear of bone, for twelve or fourteen cents per pound. This is her receipt for cooking:—

Take a thick slice of steak, no matter how tough, of about two pounds weight; make two gills of stuffing, of crumbs of bread, pepper, powdered clove, or sweet marjoram, as you choose; roll the dressing up in the steak; wind a piece of twine around it, taking care to secure the ends. Have ready a kettle, or deep stewpan, with a slice or two of pork, fried crisp. Take out the pork, and lay in the steak, and turn it on every side, until it is brown. Put in a half a pint of water, a little salt, cover closely, boil slowly two hours. Add more water, after a while, if it becomes too dry. Some persons like the addition of chopped onions; half a small one is enough. When nearly done, add half a gill of catsup, if you have it.

When you take up the meat, unwind the string carefully, so as not to unroll it. Lay in a fricasse dish, thicken the gravy, if not thick enough already, and pour it over the meat. Cut the meat in slices through the roll. The toughest meat is made tender and nutritious in this way, and it is equally nice heated over and served the second day.

A leg of lamb, or a small leg of mutton cooked one hour longer in the same manner, make a good dish.

☞ Wm. J. Brownson, son of Orestes A. Brownson, killed himself on the 11th ult. by jumping out of a stage three-and-a-half miles from Virginia City, N. T., while in a sleep, probably dreaming. The remains were buried the next day by the Catholics. About five years ago an elder brother of the deceased jumped, in a fit of somnambulism, out of his law office window down St. Anthony's Falls, and was killed.

☞ Seven papers in New York state have given up the ghost on account of the high prices of paper, ink, &c.

☞ ORIGIN OF DAHOMEY.—Two hundred and fifty years ago, Tacudona, chief of the Foys, laid siege to the city of Abomey. Meeting with a vigorous resistance, he made a vow that, should he conquer, he would sacrifice its prince Da to the gods. When he had taken the town, he began to build a large palace to celebrate his victory. He killed Da on its foundations by ripping open his belly, and called the building *Da-omi*, which signifieth Da's belly, from which he took the title of King of Dahomey.

☞ Saratoga is not crowded. There is no jostling for a glass of the sparkling morning "tipple" at the Congress Spring. Nor does there seem to be such a craze for dressing, dancing, and diamonds as last season. People are sobered somewhat; for this let us be thankful.

☞ An Irish painter declares in an advertisement that, among other portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

Of all the sad inventions a female to annoy,
There's none a mother mentions as equal to a boy;
Consistently pursuing of mischief all day through,
He's done it, or he's doing it, or else he's going to.

☞ Why is a lady who flirts with every man she meets like a person whose skin cracks in cold weather? Because she is liable to have *bad chaps on her hands.*

☞ The Springfield Union tells the following story:—The other evening, while waiting for the train, Henry Ward Beecher lectured some newsboys at the depot for making such a loud noise in crying their papers. "There's no use making such a noise," said he; "announce your newspapers in a plain but not boisterous manner, and you will sell them much more readily." His remarks were listened to with respect, and he seemed to have made quite an impression, when he asked, "What's the news to-night?" "Oh," said one of the urchins, "give me three cents and I'll show you."

☞ The business manner with which "revival preachers" sometimes speak of their "work," frequently strikes the most piously disposed as comical to the last degree. The remark made at a camp meeting, amidst unusual excitement, "that souls would be lost for want of more straw inside of the mourners' circle," has become a proverb; but it is approached by the minister who, sending the name of a new subscriber to the Western Baptist Watchman, remarks: "I did not let the convert's *hair get dry* before I impressed upon him the duty of subscribing to the Watchman, and of paying for it in advance."

☞ Love changes all into splendor, even tears and the grave; and before us, life, like the declining sun of the longest day of the North Sea, touches only with its rim the passing earth, and rises again, like morning, in the arch of heaven.

☞ It is related of the great Dr. Clark, that when in one of his leisure hours he was unbending himself with a few friends in the most playful and frolicsome manner, he observed Beau Nash approaching; upon which he suddenly stopped; "My boys," said he, "let us be *grave*; here comes a *fool*."

☞ The exclusive right to sell newspapers on the cars of the New York Central Railroad has been purchased by a carrier for $5,000. If the newspaper trade of one railroad is worth such an amount in these times, when papers are dying off daily, many editors may profitably give up their profession and turn newsboys.

Taxes and Prices in 1814.

The Congress which met in 1814, (the second war with England,) levied a tax from one to fifty dollars on carriages; twenty cents per gallon on distilled liquors, in addition to the existing license on stills; one hundred per cent. on auction duties; an increase of fifty per cent. on postage; a direct tax of six million dollars; iron castings one dollar and a half per ton; pig iron and rolled iron, one dollar; nails, one cent per pound; cards, fifty per cent. of their value; tobacco, twenty per cent.; hat, caps and umbrellas, eight per cent.; beer, ale, porter, gold and silver ware, six per cent.; hides, skins, saddles, bridles, leather, boots and shoes, five per cent.; paper, three per cent.; one dollar on silver watches, and from one dollar to one hundred dollars on every household establishment, according to value.

The Oneida *Dispatch* copies the following from the Canonovia Pilot of December 29, 1818. It will be seen that during the last war with Great Britain the prices of articles of every-day consumption corresponded with those we now pay:

"Without any unusual drain of the market, or new apprehensions of scarcity, and with a supply equal to what will be consumed in the country for two years at the lowest calculation, many articles have been raised by the mania of speculation to more than three times their former price, and higher than any just or reasonable circulation can authorize or warrant. Tea, which formerly sold at ninety cents or a dollar, is now from $3 to $3.50 per pound. Sugar, formerly at $9 or $10, is now $30 per cwt. Salt, last year at forty-two cents, is now $1.75 per bushel. Molasses, formerly forty-five cents, is $1.50 per gallon. Coffee, from fifteen to twenty cents, is at forty cents per pound. Pepper, allspice, &c., are about double; and every other article raised from their former value—we mention wholesale prices. At what exact point this mercantile madness is to stop, nobody can tell."

The Garden of Eden.

The geographical position of the Garden of Eden, as defined by Moses, is involved in great obscurity; yet it was evidently designed to describe the location of the country by landmarks that were familiarly known at the time. Four rivers proceeded from it, one of which encompassed the land of Havilah, where was found fine gold and precious stones. Two other places bearing this name are mentioned in Gen. x., 7 and 29; but each is evidently distinct from this, which, is evidently unknown. Another encompassed the land of Cush, which in other passages is the Ethiopia of the Scriptures, lying upon either side of the Red Sea, in Upper Egypt and Southern Arabia, (Gen. x., 7,) but in this place it seems to be the name of some other country now unknown. The third river, Hiddekel, flowed from Eden toward Assyria. The fourth was Euphrates. The Bible plainly says that the rivers of Paradise arose from one source, and, flowing out of the garden, divided into four great rivers, running in different directions.

WHO SHOULD PAY FOR STAMPS AND RECEIPTS?—We stated, a few days ago, in considering this question, that, as a general rule, the person who pays money should pay for the stamp upon the receipt, as the person to whom the money is paid is entitled to the full amount, and the receipt is only for the benefit of the payer. Commissioner Lewis confirms officially this view, but points out a distinction. He says:—

"Ordinarily at law, no person is bound to give a receipt for money paid. The receipt is an instrument of evidence, useful only to the person to whom it is given. If he needs a receipt, it is necessary for him to furnish the stamp or to stamp the receipt, if required, before it is signed. The person who receives the money is not obliged to give a receipt, unless the other party furnishes the proper stamp.

"If a person gives a receipt without requiring that the party to whom it is given shall furnish the stamp, the maker of the receipt must himself stamp the paper before he delivers it. If he fails to stamp it before he delivers it, he is liable to the penalty provided by law for the omission; but the other party may stamp it immediately upon its being received."

THE DEAD PICKET.—On the field, yesterday, on the left, near Tilton, where our cavalry engaged the enemy, a beautiful garden, clothed in all the loveliness that rare plants and Southern flowers could give it, attracted my attention, and I was drawn to it. The house had been deserted by its owners, and the smiling magnolias and the roses seemed to stand guard over the deserted premises. I entered through an open gate, stopped to pluck a rose from the bush, when I discovered one of the enemy's pickets, lying partially covered by the grass and bushes, dead. He was a noble looking man, and upon his countenance there seemed to rest the remnant of a smile. The right hand clasped a rose, which he was in the act of severing from its stem when he received the messenger of death. In the afternoon the cavalry dug a narrow grave, and with Federal soldiers for pall bearers and the beautiful flowers for mourners, he was laid to rest, the rose still clasped in his stiffened hand. Nothing was found to identify him, and in that lonely grave his life's history lies entombed. No sister's tears will baptise the grave among the roses, where the rebel picket fell.—*Cin. Com.*

☞ A lady in London recently recovered by law the "value" of a dress which she had damaged by the fresh paint on a shop door, which she was entering. The shopman called, "Mind the paint." Thereupon she caused herself to be painted on the other side. There was no written notice up that the paint was wet. The judge censured the defendant, who was bound to keep his shop so that no harm could come to his customers entering for a lawful purpose. The plea that the plaintiff's crinoline was exceedingly large was a bad plea. If a tradesman wishes to protect himself particularly, he ought to put up a notice, "No ladies with large crinolines served in this shop."

☞ Lady Franklin, the widow of the historic Sir John, is said to be a violent Secessionist. A few weeks ago she gave a grand dinner to the prominent Southerners and sympathizing Britons in London. Since she has thus shown her prejudices, amusing stories are being told at her expense. *On dit*, that she disliked Sir John, that her bad temper drove him to the polar seas on the expedition that proved fatal to him, and that she can't forgive the American Government and people for fitting out an expedition that might have proved successful, and brought her husband back to her.

The Seven-Thirties—What are They?

We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the people of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer treasury notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from $50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1,000 million as year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before. No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3,000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war. The cost of the war may be set down at 2,000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the people who are security for this loan are 1,000 millions richer to-day than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easy convertible. The man who has a treasury note for $50, or $100, or $1,000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or *interest tickets*, due at the expiration of each successive half year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan present great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings' Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is 5 per cent. upon sums over $500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits $1,000 in a private Savings' Bank receives $50 a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives $73. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient, and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7.30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the government may elect. For six months past, these bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day, (Aug 12th,) thus making the real rate of interest over ten per cent.; and besides to make the inducement even greater, Congress by a special act exempts its treasury notes from state and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞ FAMILY CONCORD.—About twenty-five years ago, two brothers, then and now residing in Kennebunk, married. Their wives never saw each other until they were married. These two brothers are blacksmiths, and work together, occupying the same shop that their father and grandfather occupied. But the most remarkable and commendable feature in reference to the matter is, that these two families have lived together, as one family, ever since they were married—all eating at the same table, and all in perfect harmony. A few years ago these two men left for California. While waiting on the Isthmus for a steamer, one of them was taken sick, and it was agreed that the well brother should proceed to California, and that the other should return home as soon as he was able, which he did. The California brother remained in the Golden State, working at his trade, until he accumulated $3,500, when he returned home. After the congratulations were over, the Californian brought out his treasure, and said, "Here, brother, is $1,800, your half of my earnings!" The wives took turns in presiding at the table, alternating weekly, the one off duty taking no more interest in matters if she were a boarder.

☞ The Wheeling Intelligencer says it has heard a very good joke on [illegible] Hunter and staff, which, though it occurred some time ago, has never appeared in print. When en the General was moving from Parkersburg to Cumberland, via Clarksburg, it was detained by the military authorities at the latter place, and fired a salute upon the arrival of the train. The guns were brought out, and when the whistle was heard the firing commenced. Instantly the lights were put out, and every man upon the train dropped flat upon the floor of the cars, supposing the train was being fired upon by the rebels. The alarm which was felt for a time was soon turned into merriment when the facts were made known.

☞ The importations at the New York port for the first seven months of 1864, exceed the entries of the same period in 1863 by nearly $40,000,000. The increase of gold revenue for the same period, at the same port, is $16,488,548. The next seven months will probably tell a different story.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is more inquiry for Flour this week. Sales 18,000 bbls to notice at $10,50@11,50 for extras, $11@12 for old stock and fresh ground extra family, chiefly at $11,50@12 for fresh ground western and Pennsylvania, as to brand, $12,50@12,75 for fancy lots, and superfine at $9,50@10 ℔ bbl as to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $9,75@10 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is firm.

GRAIN—Wheat meets with a good demand for milling. Sales reach 45,000 bushels, mostly old reds, at $2,50@2,55 for fair to prime Pennsylvania and western; $2,60@2,70 for new Pennsylvania and Delaware do; and $2,80@3 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at 1,85. Corn—Some 30,000 bushels have been disposed of at $1,62@1,65 for western mixed, $1,67@1,70 for yellow. Oats—About 25,000 bushels have been taken at 98c for new, and 95@97c for old Pennsylvania. Of Barley a small sale of new Pennsylvania was made at $1,75.

PROVISIONS—The market for most kinds continues firm but inactive; there is only a limited business to note in barreled meats at $37@42 for mess Pork, the latter for city packed, and $30@31 ℔ bbl for western and city mess Beef. Bacon is inactive, and the sales mostly in a small way at $9,21 for plain, 21@23c for fancy bagged Hams, and 16@16½c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats further sales are reported at 19@20c for Hams, and 15½@16c for Shoulders, in salt and pickle. Lard is worth 22@22½c for tierce, and 22½@23c for keg. Butter—packed commands 28@44, the latter for prime. Cheese—Sales at 22@25c for good and choice dairies. Eggs are selling at 20c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market is firmer, some 300 bales have been disposed of, in small lots, at from $1,70 to 1,80 for ordinary to good middling quality, cash.

BARK is scarce; sales 100 hhds at $51 for 1st No 1 Quercitron.

BEESWAX—Yellow is quoted at 35@36c ℔ lb.

COAL comes in slowly, and the market is dull. We quote Schuylkill nominally at $11@11,50 ℔ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—There is very little doing; 1200 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 43@50c, cash and time.

COPPER—There is a moderate business doing in Yellow Metal at 50c, on time, for Sheets.

FEATHERS continue scarce at 90c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—The receipts and sales are large, prices ranging at from 25 to 75c for green Apples, and 50c to $1,50 ℔ basket for Peaches, as to quality.

HAY is held at $30 ℔ ton.

HOPS are selling from 23 to 28c ℔ lb.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues unsettled; sales 1200 tons Anthracite are reported at $65 to 70 for Nos 3 and 2, cash.

LEAD—Sale 1000 pigs of Galena at $16¼ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER is coming in slowly; sales are limited at $32@34 for White Pine, and $27@30 for Yellow Sap do[illegible]. Laths are quoted at $2@2,50 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is firm and more active at 90@95c for Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER commands $5,50 ℔ ton.

RICE—We quote Rangoon at 15@15½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover[illegible] offering or selling, and we quote it nominally at 15@16c ℔ bushel from first and second hands. Of Timothy, which is also scarce and high, we note sales of 300 bushels at $5, and recleaned at $6,25@6,50 ℔ bush. Of Flaxseed, sales are reported at $3,50@3,60 ℔ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is little or nothing doing in Rum. Whiskey is better, and sales of 1500 bbls are reported $1,76@1,80 for dark and bright packages, and bbds at $1,78@1,80.

SUGARS are more active. Sales of 1,200 hhds, mostly Cuba, in lots, at 20@21c for common to prime, and 1,000 boxes at 22@25c.

TALLOW is quiet at 19@19½c ℔ lb for city.

WOOL—The market continues excited; sales of some 450,000 lbs fleece are reported, in lots, mostly at 110@115c for fine and medium, and tub at 120@125c.

A SCIENTIFIC VEGETABLE COMBINATION OF RARE INGREDIENTS—NOT A DYE.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward S. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS. MILLER,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-eow

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS, and are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

"*I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, excepting to think yet better of that which I began thinking well of.*"
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, WILLIAM H. BARNS, to AMELIA CORLEY, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, Mr. GEORGE CLIFFE, of Kensington, to Miss FANNY, daughter of Wm. Smethurst, of Manayunk.

On the 9th of Feb., by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JAMES D. RIDE, D. D., to Miss JANE BOYD, both of this city.

On the 9th of June, by the Rev. Jas. Thompson, Mr. HENRY C. ISARD, to Miss MARIA GHEGAN, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Charles Hill, Mr. CHARLES JONES, to Miss EMMA E. BROWN, both of Beverly, N. J.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. YULIUS SCHAUBEL, to Miss KATE MILLER, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL SMALLY, to Miss ELLEN RUTTER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, AMANDA E. SHERWELL, wife of Lieut. Chas. W. Caswell.

On the 16th instant, FREDERICK DILMAN, in his 48th year.

On the 15th instant, OLIVER W. RINGLER, in his 29th year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM W. SLOAN, in his 56th year.

On the 15th instant, JAMES PETERS, in his 46th year.

On the 14th instant, NATHANIEL MORROW, in his 45th year.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH A., wife of James Bryson, aged 27 years.

On the 13th instant, ALEXANDER GRIFFITH, in his 25th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM ANDERSON, in his 30th year.

On the 12th instant, EMELINE M. TYSON, in her 45th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM MASON, in his 67th year.

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
EYRE & LANDELL,
mar12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

☞ Information received from the South, states that our prisoners are humanely treated in Georgia, more so than at Richmond, rations being better and room ample. It is known that the rebels have removed our prisoners from Richmond to Macon. The sick and wounded only are in Richmond until able to be removed.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $10 to 16 ℔ 100 lbs. 1250 Hogs at from $15,50 to 16,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5 to 7¾c ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $20 to 65 ℔ head.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

A young man can make no better investment than to obtain a good business education. It is safe and profitable and always above par.

CRITTENDEN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

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The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

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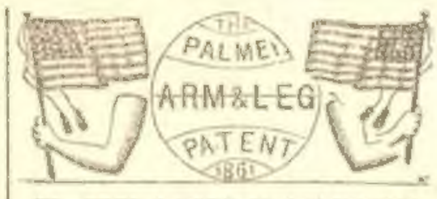

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Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

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I was troubled in January last with costiveness for several days, and took ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I caught cold, I suppose; at any rate, a severe diarrhœa set in, which my medical attendant found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by dysentery. My strength was all gone. Everything passed through me as I took it. A friend from New York, Mr. George Lewis, fortunately called on me and advised Brandreth's Pills. I thought, in my weakened condition, one pill would be enough; but he administered four, and the next morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and, to my surprise, the soreness and pain diminished. One box cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite. You are at liberty to publish this.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
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is a mere bauble, but the *crown of beauty*, conferred on the head which nature has neglected to embellish, or TIME has robbed of its Native Hue, by
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
RETAINS ITS DARK LUSTRE
if renewed at intervals
TO THE CLOSE OF LIFE.
PEERLESS AMONG THOUSANDS
of preparations, that promise much and perform nothing, stands
CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE,
a valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, and of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climes.
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
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DARKNESS.

LIGHT IN [illegible] HORACE GREELEY.

BY [illegible]

I.

God! our way through darkness leads,
But thine is living light;
Teach us to feel that Day succeeds
To each slow wearing Night;
Make us to know, though pain and Woe
Beset our mortal lives,
That Ill at last in death lies low,
And only Good survives.

II.

Too long the oppressor's iron heel
The saintly brow has pressed;
Too oft the tyrant's murd'rous steel
Has pierced the guiltless breast;
Yet in our souls the seed shall lie,
Till Thou shall bid it thrive,
Of steadfast faith that Wrong shall die,
And only Right survive.

III.

We walk in shadow! thickest walls
Do man from man divide;
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls,
Our holiest aims deride:
Yet though fell Craft, with fiendish thought,
Its subtle web contrives,
Still Falsehood's textures shrink to naught,
And only Truth survives.

IV.

Wrath clouds our sky; War lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain;
Each monstrous birth o'erspreads the earth
In Battle's gory train;
Yet still we trust in God the Just,
Still keep our faith alive,
That 'neath Thine eye all Hate shall die,
And only Love survive.

New York, May 1, 1864.

A PLEASANT KIND OF UNCLE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

SCENE—*Inside a Cab.* UNCLE *on back seat.* *Two nice boys on front seat.*

UNCLE. "Now, Reginald, look over my head, and tell me the number of this cab."

REGINALD (slowly.) "One, six, six, eight."

UNCLE (sternly.) "How dare you, sir? Say sixteen hundred and sixty-eight. Now, James. What important events in English history happened in 1668?"

[The boys think they might as well not be out for a Cheerful Holiday.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Night Scene at a Watering Place.

The subjoined is related by a gentleman stopping at a hotel at Long Branch:—

"About two o'clock last Thursday morning I was awakened by a *reveille* tap from my better half. 'For gracious sake!' she whispered, 'if you want to laugh, just listen to that gentleman and his wife, hunting a mouse in the next room!' 'Fee-ee-aw!' I murmured, half awake. 'Now do just wake up! To-morrow, when I tell the story, you'll be sorry that you wasn't awake to the reality.' Thus adjured, I awoke up in right earnest, too late to hear any of the mouse-hunt, but just in time to hear the next room door opened, and a little quavering, dandy voice (which I at once recognized as that of Prinkey,) call out to some distant night-walker. 'Wai-taw! wai-taw! wai-taw!' No answer. 'Watch-man! watch-man! watch-man!' 'That's me, sir!' growled a deep voice. 'Watch-man, come here *directly!* We're in great twubble! There's a *mouse* in this apawtment, and it nibbles awound in the most distwacted manner. I spoke to the proprietor of the hotel about it, and he pwomised to have the mouse wemoved, but he hasn't done it. Aw, think it vewy unhandsome conduct of him to allow the mouse to wemain, after pwomising that it should be wemoved. Watch-man, Mrs. Pwinkey is vewy appwehensive of mice. Can't you come in and catch the cweature?' 'Fraid not, sir. It's too late; and I should be sure to wake up some boarders as mightn't like it.' 'How ridiculous! Well (a long pause,) watch-man, couldn't you just step down to the baw-room, and get some cwackers and cheese, and entice the animal into the entry?'"

THE OUT-TRAVELLED TRAVELLER.—A traveller came very late for his breakfast, and the meal was hurriedly prepared. The landlord, feeling the food was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies around the eater, who worked away in silence, never raising his head beyond the affirmative influence of his fork, or by any act acknowledging even the presence of mine host. This sulky demeanor rather vexed the landlord, who, changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his arm-holes and said:—"Now, mister, confound me if I hain't made all the apologies necessary, and more too, considering the breakfast and who gets it; and I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse cooked, and a deal of a sight smaller breakfast than this several times." The weary, hungry one laid down his tools, swallowed the bite *in transitu*, and, modestly looking up to the fuming landlord, exclaimed: "Is what you say true?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, I'll be blamed if you hain't outtravelled me."

PUNNING UPON NAMES.—No proper name can escape being turned into ridicule, by adding to it a droll prefix. Lyon, a great coxcomb, to his serious distress, was everywhere greeted as "Dandy Lion." No man was ever more annoyed than he was by this ridiculous joke, and great was his relief when he inherited an estate, with the privilege of assuming the name of "Winder." Had he laid aside his absurd style of dress, it is possible he might have thus escaped the ridicule to which he had thus exposed himself; but his relentless companions merely altered his nickname, and he was ever afterwards known as "Beau Winder."

JEALOUSY.—"Oh! Angelina," said a young horticulturist to his love one evening, "if you could only see my Isabella. How each day she developes new beauties—so beautiful!—hanging over me so tenderly—no honey so sweet to the taste." Angelina suddenly fell to the floor like a flat-iron. "Villain!" she cried, "you love another!" and swooned away. "Oh! I have killed her!" exclaimed the young horticulturist, jumping up and wringing his hands. "Oh, Angelina—don't—don't! You mustn't for the world, Angelina—I don't mean it—I only meant the grapevine!" Angelina recovered.

☞ Some one mentioned in Lamb's presence the cold heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisted on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cool it was!" said the narrator. "Yes," replied Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-berland."

☞ The man who popped the question by starlight, got his lady's consent in a twinkling.

The Petroleum Oil-Fields
At Franklin, Pennsylvania.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

On the first page will be found an illustration of the locality of the petroleum oil-springs at Franklin, in this state, that wonderful natural production which has lately given rise to a most lucrative commerce. The qualities of petroleum, or mineral-oil, are indeed, by no means a modern discovery, and its existence in many parts of the globe, especially in some countries of Asia, has been proved by the instances of spontaneous combustion which many ancient historians have recorded. In the island of Trinidad, in the state of Virginia, and at Enniskillen, in Western Canada, there is abundance of this valuable product; but for a long time no efforts were made to obtain it for the use of mankind. It was not till 1857 that operations were commenced for the distillation of the bitumen at Enniskillen, and the operators then speedily discovered that by sinking wells a similar material might be obtained in a fluid state. Large quantities of oil were thus procured. Two years later a well was sunk to the depth of seventy feet, in Venango county, Pennsylvania. The oil flowed with such force that for many weeks 1,000 gallons per day were obtained from this well. Other wells were speedily sunk, many of which yielded large quantities of oil. In some districts the earth is saturated with the oil, and, occasionally, a porous sandstone or limestone will yield considerable quantities. More commonly, however, the oil is collected in fissures in the rocks, at various depths below the surface. In some cases an ample supply of oil is obtained at a depth of 40 ft., while other wells are sunk as low as 120 ft. to 160 ft. deep. At Titusville, Pennsylvania, there are wells of the depth of 590 ft. Usually, when the oil is reached, the pressure of the gas in the fissure forces it up, and it flows for some time to the surface. As soon as the oil has ceased flowing, a pump is employed. Sometimes the oil continues to flow spontaneously; and with such force as to defy every effort to control it. The quantity of oil yielded by the wells varies, however, considerably, some wells producing only ten barrels per day, and others as much as 300 barrels.

The apparatus to be seen at Oil Creek is of a simple description, consisting of large wooden cisterns sunk in the ground to receive the oil which rises through tubes let down into the borings. It is then drawn from the cisterns and put into barrels for exportation. The cisterns are covered, to prevent evaporation, and their leaking is ingeniously prevented by surrounding them with a trench full of water, as the greater specific gravity of the water forbids the oil to escape through it. For the readier conveyance of the petroleum oil to the railway stations in the oil-producing district, the Atlantic and Great Western Company is now laying down iron pipes, through which the oil will be forced from the tanks at the wells by powerful steam-pumps. These parts of the apparatus cannot, of course, be shown in our engraving. During the past year the Atlantic and Great Western Railway has carried more than half a million barrels of petroleum oil, which is not one-third of the product of this wonderful region.

The petroleum oil is sent from America in a crude state, just as it pours out of the earth. The business of refining and preparing it for use is extensively carried on in England and France. The London Hydrocarbon Oil Company, in their manufacturing establishment at Southall, apply to the American oil a patent process of distillation, by which the pure transparent liquid known as *cazeline*, giving a most beautiful light, is disengaged from the grosser elements of the petroleum, as well as from the spirituous part, which yields an explosive gas. The latter substance is largely employed instead of turpentine for various manufacturing purposes, while the cazeline is burned, as is said, without the slightest danger, in the lamps on the drawing-room tables, free from smoke and smell. Nor are these the only uses of the petroleum oil. Experiments have lately been made, by order of the French Government, to test its value as fuel for the engines of their steam navy. It has been proved that a given quantity of this substance will generate, in half the time, as much steam as could be produced by burning twice the weight of coal. It seems likely that the introduction of this portable fuel will have a great effect upon the development of steam navigation. The Southall works alone can refine fifty thousand barrels yearly.

☞ Somebody says that the cream upon milk is the only article that has not risen of late.

Making Tracks.

A light snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snowballing, and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the centre of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree, and should see who could make the straightest track—that is, go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in a straight line, the paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the hub. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow, when they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all.

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of our way?" said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could, without looking at anything but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others.

It appeared that nobody but Henry had aimed at a particular object. They attempted to go straight, without any definite aim. They failed. Men cannot succeed in anything good without a definite aim. In order to get mental improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to do good there must be a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions, will not avail. You must do as Henry did—fix upon something distinct and definite, as an object, and go steadily forward to it. Thus only can you succeed.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Martynia.

This, like the tomato, was formerly cultivated as an ornament, but is now finding its way into the vegetable garden, though the seedsmen in their catalogues still include it with the flower seeds. The most common species is the *Martynia proboscidea*, a native of the warmer portions of North America. It is a rather coarse annual, with strong spreading branches, and coarse clammy foliage. The flowers are in clusters and about as large as those of the fox-glove, white and marked in the throat with yellow or purple spots. They are succeeded by a curious curved pod, which when young is fleshy, but which soon becomes woody, and when quite ripe, splits at the beak into two strong bent horns. Each pod contains several large, black, rough seeds. The botanical name is given in honor of Prof. Martyn, an English botanist of the last century, and its common names of Unicorn-plant and Buffalo-horn, are in allusion to the shape of the fruit. The unripe pods, taken when very tender, make most excellent pickles, for which we give a recipe. There are other species with yellow and purple flowers, but we have not known the fruit of these to be used, though it will probably answer the same as this one. When cultivated for the fruit, it should be grown on light, warm soil, as too rich soils produce too great a growth of stem and leaves. The plants should stand at least two feet apart. The seed may be early sown in the place where it is to remain, or it may be started earlier under shelter and then transplanted. Sow when danger from frost is over, and cultivate the same as tomatoes.

MARTYNIA PICKLES.—The pods are pickled while they are yet soft enough to be easily penetrated with the thumb nail, and thrown into brine made strong enough to bear an egg. They are ready for pickling in ten days, or may be kept in the brine longer. If this be done, the brine should be changed about once a month, or often enough to prevent the pickles from softening. When wanted to pickle, they are taken from the brine, washed in cold water, and soaked in vinegar two or three days. Then add about 2 lbs. of sugar to 1 gallon of vinegar, with cloves, allspice or other spices to the taste; tie them in a bag and let them soak in the vinegar until the strength is extracted; heat the vinegar to boiling and pour upon the Martynias, which should previously have been removed from the vinegar in which they were soaking, and placed in a cask or other suitable vessel. After a few days they are ready for use.

Hints to Farmers.

Toads are the very best protection of cabbage against lice.

Pears are greatly improved by grafting on the mountain ash.

Sulphur is valuable in protecting grapes from insects.

Lard never spoils in hot weather, if cooked enough in trying it out.

In feeding with corn, sixty pounds ground goes as far as one hundred in the kernel.

Corn meal should never be ground fine. It injures the richness.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that larger ones have.

Ruta baga is the only root that increases its nutriment as it increases in size.

Sweet olive oil is said to be a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Apply internally and externally.

Money skillfully expended in drying land by draining, and otherwise, will be returned with ample interest.

To cure scratches on horses, wash the legs with soapsuds and then with brine. Two applications will cure in the worst cases.

Timber cut in the spring and exposed to the weather with the bark on, decays much sooner than if cut in the fall.

Experiments show apples to be equal to potatoes to improve cows, and decidedly preferable for feeding cattle.

A bare pasture enriches not the soil, nor fattens the animals, nor increases the wealth of the owner.

One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.

Ground once well ploughed is better than thrice poorly.

Hints for Purchasing a Horse.

Few persons are acquainted with the mode of judging a horse by the teeth. As the lesson can be learned by rote in a few minutes, intending purchasers will do well to commit it to memory. At two years old the horse sheds the two middle teeth of the under jaw; at three years old he sheds two other teeth, one on each side of those shed the year before; at four years old he sheds the two remaining or corner teeth; at five years old the two middle teeth are full, being no longer hollow, as the others are, and the teeth will have penetrated the gums; at six years old the four middle teeth are full, the corner ones only remaining hollow—the tusks are sharp, with the sides fluted; at seven years old the corner teeth are full, the tusks larger and thicker, and the horse is said to be aged. Occasionally, however, these marks will slightly vary, a good deal depending on the animal's constitution, whether he be a late or an early foal; also upon the manner in which he has been reared, the kind of food, shelter, &c.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE A PARSNIP CUSTARD.—Take two large-sized parsnips. Let them be scraped, washed, and thoroughly cleansed from all impurity. Then cut them into slices, and suffer them to boil until they are quite mellow and done; beat them in a mortar to a pulp, turn it into a deep dish, mix it with the yolks of 4 eggs, well beaten, a couple of blades of sweet cinnamon, half a nutmeg, grated, a few sippets of green lemon rind, and sugar to your taste. Add to the whole half a pint of new cream, and a quarter of the same quantity of new milk. Let the above ingredients be well incorporated together. Lay a light buttered paste around the sides and rim of the dish, and bake it in a moderately-heated oven until it is fully done. There is a delightful fragrance in this custard which proves highly agreeable to a delicate and fastidious appetite. N. B.—Young garden Windsor beans, when boiled blanched from their skins, and treated after the foregoing manner, make a custard much approved of by the Berkshire community. D. G.

THE ANT TRAP.—As the season is now at hand for these pests, the ants, housewives and others who are troubled with them may probably use the following trap to advantage:—"Procure a large sponge, wash it well, and press it dry, which will leave the cells quite open; then sprinkle over it some fine white sugar, and place it near where the ants are troublesome. They will soon collect upon the sponge and take up their abode in the cells. It is only necessary to dip the sponge in scalding water, which will wash them out dead by the tens of thousands. Put on more sugar and set the trap for a new haul. This process will soon clear the house of every ant."

SKELETON LEAVES.—The process of making skeleton leaves is a very simple one. The leaves must be placed in pans of water (which must not be changed,) and left to soak for some weeks, until the outer coating or green part feels pulpy and sticks to the fingers. They must then be taken out and washed by being gently shaken about in water, and afterwards put into a shallow earthenware tray, still in water, keeping them steady by pressing the finger upon the stalk, while the decayed part is removed with a small, stiff painting brush, when the delicate woody fibre alone will remain. Although the operation is so simple, yet considerable experience is necessary as to the time of maceration required for the different leaves. This can only be gained by practice, as it would be impossible to give any rules for the time, varying as it does with the season of the year and consequent temperature. The calyx only of a flower can be skeletonized, as the petals contain no woody fibre. The seed-vessels of the poppy and stramonium, also the winter-cherry, make beautiful skeletons. Before mounting, they should be bleached in a solution of chloride of lime, the strength of which should be about 1 tablespoonful to 2 quarts of water. Care must be taken not to allow the leaves, &c., to remain too long in the chloride, or they will be reduced to rags. On removing them from the solution they must be put into clean water, which must be changed at least five or six times, after which they should be dried on blotting paper. The leaves must be fully developed when gathered for skeletonizing, as if too young the woody fibre is not sufficiently strong, and they do not answer well.

BOTANIC[illegible]

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 8, 9, 5, 5, 4, 7, 17, was an ancient Scottish hero.
My 19, 17, 20, 18, 9, 14, 6, is a cunning animal.
My 21, 22, 1, 24, 15, is a pleasant addition to a landscape.
My 24, 17, 5, 4, 3, 9, 8, 17, is a beautiful river.
My 11, 14, 1, 3, 18, is a very pretty color.
My 5, 9, 3, 12, 17, 8, 2, are plenty in this town.
My 13, 14, 15, signifies a warrior's lady.
My 11, 10, 14, 23, 18, was an eminent poet.
My 16, 4, 8, 19, 22, 21, is a farming implement.
My 3, 4, 8, 18, 17, 21, 2, is anxiously expected.
My 18, 22, 13, 17, is sweet to the exile.
My whole is the title of an interesting story, and the name of its author.

West Chester, Pa. C. H. WALTER.

Double Rebus.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person who sees and testifies.
A traveller from place to place.
A kind of liquor.
A beast of burden.
An imbecile.
A word that signifies at a distance.
A pickled fruit.
An undermainer.
An animal.
A word that signifies farewell.
A dungeon in an old castle.
A small dagger.
An arrant coward.
An insect that lives but one day.
Two letters, one the reverse of the other.
A relation which one thing shows to another.
An odd number.

My initials form the name of the greatest Poet of his age. My finals form his birth-place.

St. Louis. YATES.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KATIE.

My first is used by artists
Of fame and renown.
My second you can see
On churches in town.
My third is a personal pronoun.
My fourth is a letter in March.
My whole is one of the United States,
The "Keystone of the arch."

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in pardon, but not in grant.
My 2d is in poor, but not in want.
My 3d is in heart, but not in soul.
My 4th is in section, but not in whole.
My 5th is in ill, but not in well.
My 6th is in sold, but not in sell.
My 7th is in one, but not in two.
My 8th is in ruin, but not in roe.
My 9th is in tongue, but not in speech.
My 10th is in learn, but not in teach.
My 11th is in oil, but not in lamp.
My 12th is in tent, but not in camp.
My 13th is in cool, but not in warm.
My 14th is in elbow, but not in arm.
My 15th is in large, but not in small.
My 16th is in banquet, but not in hall.

My whole should receive the support of every loyal person. MAUD.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a piece of land in an exact square, such that if a point be taken in the first side at a distance of twenty perches from the first angle, and a straight line be drawn from this point to the third angle, this line is found to be one hundred perches. Required, the area?

West Norwich, C. W. A. W.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I determine the sides of a right-angled triangle when their product is 20580, and their sum equals the radius of the inscribed circle multiplied by the side of the inscribed square.

WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter H like the dying words of Adam? Ans.—"This is the end of earth."

☞ Why is the letter J like the end of spring? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of June.

☞ Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Ans.—Because it is the end of pork.

☞ Why is the letter L like a young lady giving away her sweetheart to another? Ans.—Because it makes one over a lover.

☞ Why could Enoch of scriptural memory escape the small-pox? Ans.—Because he was Enoculated, of course.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRA[illegible]AL ENIGMA—"Opposition to tyrants is [illegible]e to God." CHARADE—Mad-a-gas[illegible] CUBLE REBUS—Maj. General Lyon[illegible]ligenc[illegible]reek, Mo., (Moscow, Altai, Jail, G[illegible] Gener[illegible] Nankin, Estrellos, Renac, Anr, L[illegible]urred s[illegible]ork, Oppenheim, Negro.) CHAR[illegible]nt. Wh[illegible]

Ans[illegible]wburg to[illegible]larto's PROBLEM, published[illegible]ecided b[illegible]s, 3m. 15½ sec. J. N. Soders, Y[illegible]ain, [illegible] and W. Siverly.

[illegible]e w[illegible]

Answers to A. M[illegible]n's, same date—37,08204. W. Siverly, J. N. Soders, and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Eros's, same date—22222232222 22222222. J. N. Soders, Morgan Stevens, W. Siverly, Jas. M. Greenwood.

DOUGHNUTS.—Sour milk two cups, sugar half a cup, one egg, saleratus half a teaspoon. Excellent if eaten warm. It must be remembered that molasses is really no cheaper if used for sugar, as it invariably soaks more lard while frying. H. B. G.